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BEAUMARIS BAY,

A POEM:

WITH

NOTES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND EXPLANATORY;

PARTICULARS OF THE DRUIDS,

FOUNDERS OF SOME OF THE FIFTEEN TRIBES OF NORTH WALES,

THE FAMILIES DESCENDED FROM THEM,

AND

QUOTATIONS FROM THE BARDS.

WITH

AN APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

An Account of the Battle of Beaumaris in 1648,

AND

THE TAKING OF THE CASTLE.

" NID LLAFUR Y GORCHWYL Y GERIR."
THE WORK WE LOVE IS NOT LABOUR.

Chester

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subject of the following sheets is a Summer-day's Tour, *commencing and terminating on the Isle of* Saint Seiriol, *and including the circuit of the Bay of Beaumaris. The author was induced to prefer verse to prose, because it admitted of occasional deviations into the regions of poetic imagery, and at the same time served as a vehicle for the introduction (by way of note) of a variety of historical and other matter, now scattered in obsolete or expensive books, to be found only in the collections of the curious; yet necessary to throw light on past times, and the events of a district peculiarly inviting in the variety of its combinations, and the sublimity of its features.*

BEAUMARIS BAY, &c.

BRIGHT ſoars the morn, in Summer's* ſplendor dreſt,
And throws o'er eaſtern ſkies her ruddy veſt;
Whoſe darting beams, with varied radiance gay,
Gild the tall cliff, and on the ocean play.

O thou, whoſe ſmiles upon the teeming earth,
Can lead her latent bleſſings into birth,
Raiſe from the parent ſoil the infant grain,
And ſpread the verdant velvet o'er the plain—
Refill the riſing herb with healing powers,
And Nature's varied ſurface deck with flowers.
Great ſource of light! renew thy race benign—
Refulgent on the vaſt creation ſhine!
Roll through the blue expanſe thy radiant way,
And give the favor'd Muſe a cloudleſs day.

And thou! dear inmate! of the Grecian grove,
(The tuneful offspring of paternal Jove)
Recording Clio, leave the claſſic climes,
Where war and havoc ſwell the roll of crimes;
Where Mecca triumphs in a barb'rous reign,
And Learning ſhuns the deſolated plain—

* " Ag awyr erwyr araf,
" A'r byd yn hyfryd yr hâf."
D. ap. G. Cowydd i'r hâf.

In Summer, earth is laviſh of delight,
And Heaven's expanded arch ſerene and bright.

Come, where the Arts illume th' alluring way,
And ſmiling Science feels a foſtering ſway;
Where Thames triumphant wafts a richer Fleece,
And either world ſalutes the modern Greece.
Thy pinions Muſe, expand—the ſpace explore,
Where Britain weſtward ſpreads her rocky ſhore,
Looks back on worthies ſhe delights to trace,
And ſtill reſerves a remnant of her race;*
Her hoary cliffs in wild confuſion crowds,
And wraps their tow'ring ſummits in the clouds.

Hibernia's eaſtern ſea† here Cambria laves,
And pours on either ſhore its reſtleſs waves,
While Menai's‡ currents with its waters play—
Now roll to meet, or refluent fill the Bay;§
And, circling PRIESTHOLM,‖ ſhews its oval ſteep,
Emerging boldly from the briny deep.

* Aborigines.

† The Iriſh ſea, or rather the Britiſh Mediterranean, for it is nearly encircled by the Britiſh Iſles.

‡ The fretum, or ſtrait, which divides the Iſle of Angleſey, from that of Britain.

§ Bay of Beaumaris, ſuppoſed to be the antient *Porth Wygir*, which according to the hiſtorical triades of the Iſle of Britain, was one of its three principal ports; and in Angleſey there is no other that can poſſibly have any claim to this pre-eminence.

‖ A ſmall iſland, divided by the narrow channel called the Sound, from the eaſtern extremity of Angleſey; its Britiſh name, *Ynys Seiriol*, is derived from the reſidence of *St. Seiriol* upon it, in the ſixth century; the compound name of *Prieſt-holm*, originated in its being the occaſional retreat of the religious of the neighbouring Priory of *Penmon*. *Holm*, the Norſe word for iſland, was probably added here as in South Wales, *Gresholm*, *Stockholm*, &c. by our northern invaders in the ninth century. —It is alſo frequently called *Puffin iſland*, from its being annually reſorted to by theſe birds for the purpoſe of breeding.

Tradition ſays, that the two Saints, *Seiriol* and *Cybi*, (founder of the collegiate church of Holyhead) held weekly meetings at certain ſprings (called after their names to this day) near *Clorach*, in the pariſh of *Llandyfrydog*; and that, from the circumſtance of *Seiriol's* travelling weſtward in the morning, and eaſtward in the evening, and

Cybi,

When Superſtition wove her wizard ſpell,
Here Seiriol* rais'd the inſulated cell—
Here, ſtill importun'd, wearied Heaven with prayer,
And Britons hail'd him Heaven's peculiar care;
'Twas his to grant the bleſſing or withhold,
And length of days his locks of ſilver told.
But ſince in happier times and brighter days,
Religion chears the mind with purer rays,
Here, Muſe, let liberal Pity hold the pen,
Nor raſhly cenſure what was virtue *then*.

Here, ſtill ſequeſter'd, PENMON'S† ſacred dome
Recalls to mind the inmates of the tomb,

Cybi, on the contrary, always facing the ſun, they were denominated

"Seiriol wyn, a Chybi felyn."
Seiriol the fair, and *Cybi* the tawny.

Lewis Glyn Cothi (a Bard of 1450) deſcribes, in a very humorous manner, the practice of the mendicant Friars in his time, who, profiting by the credulity and ſuperſtition of their neighbours, exchanged with them the images of certain Saints held in particular veneration, for cheeſe, bacon, corn, &c.; among them, *Seiriol* and *Curig* (patron of *Capel Curig*, in the interior of Snowdonia) were always negotiable; the effigy of *Seiriol* being reckoned infallible for the removal of certain diſorders, and that of *Curig* equally ſo for the expulſion of evil ſpirits from farm-houſes, &c. Un o honynt a ddygai,

"Gurig lwyd dan gwr ei go'l,
"Gwas arall, a ddug Seiriol."

Beneath his cloak, the begging Friar bore
The guardian charm, grey *Curig*, to the door;
Another *Seiriol's* healing image ſold,
And found the uſeful Saints like modern gold.

* Seiriol, ap Owen Danwyn, ap Einion Urdd, ap Cynedda Weledig, brother to Einion Frenhin, and Meirion (patron of Llan Feirion) erected his cell here in the ſixth century, part of which is ſtill remaining.—*Bonedd y Saint.*

† There are ſtill ſome remains of the Priory founded in the ſixth century, by *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, King of Wales. The religious of this place, and the recluſes of *Prieſtholm*, ſeem to have been of the ſame foundation, for they are both called *Canonici de Inſula Glannauch.* In 1140, *Idwal*, ſon of *Gryffydd ap Cynan*, Prince of North Wales, was Prior of *Penmon*, and, in the metaphorical language of poetry, is de-

Who rear'd with pious zeal the maſſy pile,
And fill'd with notes* of praiſe the echoing ile;
When Idwal, born of Cambria's regal race,
Beheld with guardian eye the happy place.
Alas! what is it now? the damp abode
Of ſlimy ſnails, the ſpider, and the toad;
Where waking owls† in ſcreaming concert call
Their prowling mates, when evening's ſhadows fall.

deſcribed as the *ſunſhine* of the neighbourhood. *Llewelyn ap Iorwerth*, afterwards re-founded it, and filled it with monks of the order of St. Benedict. Queen Elizabeth, in the ſixth of her reign, granted it to John Moore; and its revenues, at the diſſolution, were eſtimated at 47l. 15s. 3d.—*Dugdale Monaſt.* ii. 338.—*Tanner*, 699.

Gryffydd ap Cynan making proviſion for eternity by a poſthumous charity, as was the cuſtom of his time, left legacies to a great number of religious houſes and churches, and among them two hundred and forty pence to that of Bangor, and one hundred and twenty to this priory—ſums, however trifling they may appear, were together more than equivalent to one hundred and fifty guineas at this day; and among other proviſion for his Princeſs *Angharad*, left her the tolls at the ferry of *Aber Menai*.

To the intelligent mind this ſpot is peculiarly intereſting in its aſſociation of antient and modern times, and even of the dead with the living; for the pariſh church, the manſion-houſe of *Penmon*, and the ruinous refectory of the priory, are one connected building, forming three ſides of a ſquare court open to the eaſt.

" Ah! ſolemn ſcene, from views like this
" The ſad reflection ever ſprings—
" The thought, how inſecure the bliſs,
" That reſts on ſublunary things."

The ſtill ſecluded retreat, where Contemplation may wean itſelf from the trifles of earth, and Devotion, on the wings of Hope, may aſcend to its heaven.

* " Y llwybrau gynt, lle bu'r gân
" Yw lleoedd y Ddulluan."

Ieuan Brydydd hîr.

Where erſt aſcended muſic's grateful tones,
The moping owl in nightly diſcord moans.

† " Rhodio â wna ar hyd y nôs,
" A'r dydd, yr â i'r di-ddos."

Lewis Menai i'r Ddulluan.

They prowl, while night extends her ebon ſway,
But to the ſhelt'ring roof devote the day.

O'er ages paſt, the Muſe looks back with pain,
Marauding chieftains and their murdering train—
Sees Man through ſlaughter wade his wanton way—
(While milder tygers only kill for prey)
The village blazing, harmleſs Cendred fall,
And points to LLEINIOG's* blood-cemented wall.
But now Sylvanus, with oblivious hand,
Would tear the ſad memorial from the land;

* A ſmall quadrangular fort, rounded off into towers at each corner, erected upon the ſummit of an artificial mount, ſurrounded by a *foſſe*, and communicating with the ſhore by a hollow way, at the extremity of which was a redoubt to cover the landing; it was built in 1096, by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Cheſter, and Hugh de Montgomery, Earl of Salop; or, as our annals deſcribe them, *Hugh Frâs o Gaer, a Hugh Goch, o'r Ymwythig*; the two Earls, invited by a traitor of the name of *Owen ap Edwyn*, invaded and ravaged North Wales, more like ſavages than ſoldiers, for the attrocities committed by them at this place were truly ſhocking, particularly on one Cendred, a prieſt. In the mean time Magnus, King of Norway, attempting to land, was oppoſed by the Earls; the Earl of Shrewſbury was, however, ſhot in the eye, as he ſtood armed *cap-a-pie* on the ſhore, by an expert bowman; Magnus, at the ſame time, tauntingly crying out, "*Leit Loup!*" (let him dance) when the Earl was in the agonies of death. Hugh Lupus, upon the fall of his colleague, quitted the iſle, built a caſtle at Bangor, ravaged the promontory of *Llyn* ſo that it was deſolate for ſeven years, returned to Cheſter, and then died.—*Caradoc.*—*Torfæi.*

This fort was garriſoned, and held for the Parliament, during the civil wars, by Sir Thomas Chedle, but ſurrendered to Colonel Robinſon in 1645. The Chedles (originally from Lancaſhire) ſeem to have been in poſſeſſion of this place for ſome time previous to this event; and of this family, was the facetious Dr. Rowland Chedle, Rector of Beaumaris in 1647. When Hugh Courtney, Governor of the Caſtle, made bulwarks about the town in 1652, he cut turf in the Caſtle Meadow, and peeled the ſurface for that purpoſe, upon which the Doctor obſerved, "Woe be to us when Beaumaris ſtands in the middle of the Caſtle Meadow!"

When he drew Mrs. Ann Price for his valentine, February 14, he ſent her this diſtich:—

"Good Madam, would the man who you thus meets
"In theſe ſmall papers, met you in *whole ſheets*."

Employing a painter to draw his picture on a pane of glaſs, he added this motto:—

"Nunc primum tranſparui."

The Doctor ſeeing W. M. poſt-maſter of Beaumaris, drunk, and aſleep upon his face, took a bit of chalk, and wrote upon his back, "POST-PAID."—*Plâs Gwyn MSS.*

He leads the creeping ivy close and high,
And hides the hated fragments from the eye.

The Muse, disgusted, quits the horrid theme,
And follows where the Naiads lead the stream,*
Whose limpid waters, COURDA's† meads among,
Still seem to linger as they glide along;

* *Afon y Brenhin*, a river so called, because fixed upon by Edward I. as a boundary to the liberties of Beaumaris upon the north and north-east; it rises in or near *Rhôs Franchize*, and winding below *Coed Cadw* (King's wood) through the demain of *Cichle*, runs under *Pont y Brenhin*, joins another rivulet, and falls into the Bay at *Aberllienawg*.

Cichle, formerly *Dancoed* (sub sylvania) was temp: Henry IV. (as appears by an antient record) the property of Richard Goulden, Alderman of Beaumaris, in right of his wife, daughter of William Cranwell; it became afterwards the estate and residence of a family of the name of Kyghley, of which Sir Gilbert, Sir John, and Sir Allan de Kyghley, all lived in the reign of Henry VI.—*Plâs Gwyn MSS.*

† *Llangoed*, or more properly *Llan Gourda*, from its patron Saint *Courda ap Caradoc Freich-fras*, one of the twenty-four Knights of Arthur's round table, as appears from one of the *Triades*. This fertile and sheltered vale, though nearly denuded, was formerly well stored both with fruit and forest trees; *Plâs*, or *Llangoed Hall*, is improving, and there are few situations more capable of it. The *Menai*, seemingly encircled by the two shores, appears from this spot like a magnificent lake, terminated by the town of Bangor, the right of the sublime picture being occupied by the unbroken undulations of Anglesey, and the left by Snowdon and his lordly associates.

At the distance of about two miles westward, in the church of *Llan Iestyn*, antiquaries will find a precious morsel; an antient tombstone of curious workmanship, and generally supposed to have been that of *Iestyn*, the patron saint; but it is evidently the produce of a much later period. The figure of a man, depicted in a sacerdotal habit, the pastoral staff, and other official insignia, denote it to have been erected to the memory of some dignified ecclesiastic; and, though much defaced, the words *Gryffydd ap Gwilym* are still legible.

About the same distance, north from *Llangoed*, is the site of the old British fortification, *Din Sylwy*, perhaps exploratory fort, most happily situated for that purpose, the track of our antient invaders from the north, being, for a vast distance, within the eye; it was these swarming nations that formed the armada in the reign of *Owen Gwynedd*, the repulse of which Mr. Grey has so happily versified from the prose translation of the late Rev. Mr. E. Evans:

"Big with hosts of mighty name,
"Squadrons three against him came."

Near this impregnable post is the British *Tarpeian* rock, *Nant y dihenydd*, the cliff or chasm of destruction; and suggested, perhaps, by its precipitous situation. *Din Sylwy* is one of the several places still called

While Nature revels, nor a voice is mute,
The flock, the feather'd throat, and rural flute.*
Vales! where of yore, Pomona lov'd to play,
And bade her leafy folds exclude the day—
Bright Fair! again in ſhowers of bloom deſcend,
And teach the fruitful branches how to bend.
Ye ſcenes of ruſtic joy where ſhepherds ſtray,
And ſeek the ſhades, or ſhare the tepid ray;
While hid from ken profane the group advance,
The ring is form'd, and Fauns and Fairies dance;
While jocund Pan with glee paternal plays,
And leads with antic ſtep the frolic maze.

In days when outrage occupied the hour,
When law and juſtice bent the knee to power;
The chieftain's ſafety was the moated wall,
The hero's helmet and the crowded hall;

called by the name of Arthur's *Round* Table, *Bwrdd Arthur*, that Monarch ſenſibly adopting the *circle*—to prevent difficulties on that moſt important of all ſubjects—precedence.

It appears (by an ode of *Sefnyn)* that in the reign of Edward III. this place was one of the reſidences of the affluent and hoſpitable *Tudur ap Gronwy*, of *Penmynydd* and *Tre'r Caſtell:*

"Deuwn Benmynydd uſydd oſwy,
"Dinas dan ſolas, a Din Sylwy."

——————— We go, willingly,
To the feſtive domes of *Penmynydd* and *Din Sylwy*.

Penmynydd was the antient abode of the Royal Family of Tudor.—*Halle*, ſpeaking of Catherine of France, dowager of Henry V. ſays, "Who beyng young and luſtye, folowyng more her owne appetyte than frendely conſaill, and regardyng more her private affection then her open honour, toke to huſband privily (in 1428) a goodly gentylman, and a beautiful perſon, garniged with manye godly gyftes both of nature and of grace, called *Owen Teuther*, a man brought furth and come of the noble lignage and auncient lyne of *Cadwalader*, the laſte kynge of the *Britonnes*." (Halle's Chr. 41.) This match, important in its conſequences, reſtored the *Britiſh* race of princes to this kingdom.

* *Pib-gorn*, ſhepherd's pipe, the parent of wind inſtruments, and all in uſe among the ſhepherds in Angleſey.

Then roſe TRE 'R CASTELL* o'er its wide domain,
And every Muſe to Gronwy pour'd the ſtrain;
For though the field of war alone was fame,
The milder virtues dignified his name.

Below, where riots now th' encroaching wave,
The dauntleſs hero gaſp'd—expir'd the brave;
When Egbert† pour'd the fierce invading band,
But found the warrior's ſword in Merfyn's hand,

* This antient caſtellated manſion, after having long been the abode of the deſcendants of *Marchudd*, Lord of *Uwch Dulas*, in Denbighſhire, was at length conveyed into the family of Moſtyn by the marriage of *Evan ap Adam ap Iorwerth Ddu* of that houſe, with *Angharad*, heireſs of *Ednyfed ap Tudur*, of *Trecaſtell*. It was afterwards purchaſed by the late Mr. Hugh Davies, and is now the property of Mrs. Owen, his niece and heireſs, relict of Richard Owen, of *Sybylldir*, Eſq.

Here lived in a ſtyle of magnificent hoſpitality, in the 13th century, *Sir Tudur ap Gronwy*.

"Trafn Tre 'r Caſtell feddgell fyddgar."

Monody on Sir Tudur, by G. ap M. ap D.

The ſupport of the plentiful mead cellar of *Trecaſtell*.

The King (Edward I.) hearing that *Sir Tudur* had aſſumed the honor of knighthood without his permiſſion, called him to account for ſo extraordinary a procedure; *Sir Tudur* replied, that by the laws of the Round Table he had a right to do ſo, having the three requiſites—firſt, he was a gentleman—ſecondly, he had an ample fortune—and, thirdly, as to his proweſs, he was ready to fight any man, be he whom he would, that was hardy enough to diſpute it. The king, admiring the dignity of his manner, confirmed to *Sir Tudur* the honor he had ſo juſtly aſſumed, and ſo well deſerved.—*Wynn's Hiſt.*

Sir Tudur was one of the great proprietors who, holding their eſtates in *capite*, did homage to Edward Prince of Wales, at Cheſter, the 29th of Edward I. His three ſons were, in their time, ſtiled the three Temporal Lords of Angleſey, viz: *Ednyfed* of *Tre 'r Caſtell*, *Gronwy* of *Penmynydd*, and *Rhys* of *Arddreiniog*. The three ſpiritual being the Archdeacon of Angleſey, the Preſident of Holyhead, and the Prior of *Penmon*.

† On this demain is ſuppoſed to have been fought, in 818, the "*fore* battle of *Llanfaes*," as *Caradoc* of *Llangarfan* calls it; and this event, like that of Battlefield in Shropſhire, between Henry IV. and the gallant Hotſpur, ſeems to have given name to the pariſh; Egbert, the Weſt Saxon, having invaded Wales with a great army, ravaged the country even unto Snowdon, took poſſeſſion of the iſle, and called it Angleſey (*Anglorum Inſula*) but was ſoon driven out of it by *Merfyn Frych*, who had married *Eſyllt*, heireſs of North Wales, daughter of *Cynan Tindaethwy*, ſon of *Rhodri Moelwynog*, King of Wales, who reſided

Who led with vengeful arm the patriot hoſt,
And drove th' invading Saxon from the coaſt—
Than fields of blood now happier proſpects riſe,
And Vegetation ope's her dewy eyes;
His hundred hands a new Briareus wields,
And Plenty laughs on long-neglected fields.

With all the future glowing in her breaſt,
There England's royal daughter choſe to reſt,
On Menai's ſhelly margin ſought repoſe,
When life ſhould draw its troubles to a cloſe;
And there, directed by a huſband's care,
The roof MONASTIC* roſe, and frequent prayer;

ſided at *Penrhyn*; *Lewis Môn*, in his ode to *Sir William Gryffydd*, of that houſe, in 1500, ſays, that the *ponderous* arms of *Merfyn Frych* were in the great hall there, and the curious antiquary of 1800 will, perhaps, *ſeriouſly* regret that they are not to be found.

From Rhoderic the Great, ſon of *Merfyn* and *Eſyllt*, the Joneses of *Plâs Gwyn Pentraeth* derive their deſcent, now repreſented by Paul Panton, Eſq.; his maternal grandfather, Wm. Jones, Eſq. being the laſt heir male of this line, from *Einion ap Geraint*, Lord of Pentraeth, diſtinguiſhed by *A chevron between three roſes argent, in a field gules.* To the lovers of Britiſh literature the name of Panton will always be dear; to this family they are peculiarly indebted; and the opportunity of acknowledging it will always be gratifying.

* "Hard unto Beaumariſh lieth *Llanfaes*, a famous religious houſe, in times paſt, of the friars' minors, unto whom the Kings of England ſhewed themſelves very bountiful patrons, as well in regard of the friars' holineſs, who there converſed, as alſo becauſe (that I may ſpeak out of the public records of the kingdom) were buried a daughter of King John, a ſon of a King of the Danes, the bodies alſo of the Lord Clifford, and other knights and ſquires, who, in the time of the noble and renowned Kings of England, were ſlain in the wars againſt the Welſh."—*Camden.*

But the circumſtance that will, perhaps, more than any other, induce genius and intellect to tread theſe once hallowed floors is, that they cover the remains of *Gryffydd Gryg*, the able opponent of *Dafydd ap Gwilym* (the Britiſh Ovid) as appears from *Gryffydd's* Monody, written by his generous rival:

"Tôſt o chwedl, gan ddyn edlaes
"Rhoi 'nghôr, llawn fynor, Llanfaes
"Gymain (du oer gem ei deurudd)
"O gerdd ac a roed i gudd."

Llanfaes!

Now Harveſt's annual treaſure fills the dome
That once reſounded with the rites of Rome!

Llanfaes! thy crowded choir contains,
Ah, hapleſs tale! the Bard's remains,
Each eye look'd down, with dewy lid,
When Mona's tuneful ſon was hid.

All that now remains is the chapel, which has long been made uſe of as a barn:

" How many Hearts have here grown cold,
" That ſleep theſe mould'ring tombs among?
" How many Beads have here been told?
" How many Matins here been ſung?

" On this rude ſtone, by time long broke,
" I think I ſee ſome pilgrim kneel,
" I think I ſee the cenſer ſmoke,
" I think I hear the ſolemn peal.

" But here no more ſoft muſic floats,
" No holy anthems chaunted now;
" All's huſh'd, except the ring-dove's notes,
" Low murm'ring from yon beechen bough."

This monaſtery, erected by *Llewelyn ap Iorwerth*, over the grave of his Princeſs Joan, " whoſe pleaſure it was," as *Caradoc* expreſſes it, to be here buried, was conſecrated in 1240 by *Howel*, Biſhop of *Bangor*. and in a few years afterwards burnt in the inſurrection of *Madoc*, a relation of the laſt prince; but Edward II. pitying the ſufferings of the brotherhood, remitted the taxes due to him. The Friars, in the war of *Glyndwr*, having ſhewn a diſpoſition favorable to that chieftain, Henry IV. plundered the place, ſlew ſome of the brothers, and impriſoned the remainder, but afterwards liberated them, and made reſtitution,—Henry V. to prevent defection in future, altered the eſtabliſhment, reducing the number of the native Friars to two, the other ſix to be Engliſh. At the Diſſolution, Henry VIII. ſold it; the rectory of *Llanfaes*, farm of *Cremlyn Monach*, and the tythes and lands belonging to it, to one of his courtiers. The family of *Whyte*, now extinct, afterwards became poſſeſſed of it, and built a reſpectable houſe, which has ſince been enlarged and moderniſed, and the grounds much improved. At preſent it is one of the ſeats of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. M. P. for the county of Carnarvon.

Over an arched gateway erected in 1623, are ſtill to be ſeen the arms of *Collwyn ap Tagno*, Lord of *Eſionydd* and *Ardudwy (Sable a chevron, between three fleurs de liz argent)* Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales, and anceſtor of the laſt reſident family. From *Collwyn* likewiſe was the intrepid Sir *Howel y Fwyall* (or of the Ax) who made ſo diſtinguiſhed a figure at the battle of Poictiers. *Iolo Goch* alludes to his taking the French King priſoner in the following figurative line:

" Pan rodded .....
" Y ffrwyn yn mhen Brenhin Fraingc."

The Black Prince (Edward III.) ſeems to have been ſo ſenſible of *Howel's* ſervices, that he knighted him on the field of battle, gave him the rent of the Dee-mills at Cheſter for life, and the conſtableſhip of the caſtle of *Criccieth* (where he afterwards reſided) added his battle-

ax

We hie where BARON-HILL† attracts the Muſe,
The ſunny glades, the brow, and varying views—
Iſles, towns, the riſing hills, the ſpreading bay,
The Muſe, delighted, owns the grand diſplay;
Here Flora ſmiles, and flowers of every hue
Their glowing petals ſpread, and drink the dew,
Luxuriant riſe beneath her foſtering care,
And ſhed their fragrance on the ambient air;

ax to his coat of arms, and ordered that a meſs of meat ſhould be ſerved before it daily, for ever, to preſerve in memory the uncommon proweſs of its maſter. The King appointed eight yeomen, at eightpence a day each, to guard the meſs, and ſee it regularly ſerved before the ax: after the death of *Howel*, the meſs was given to the poor for his *ſoul's ſake*, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the eſtabliſhment was aboliſhed.

From *Collwyn*, the families deſcended are the Lords Liſburne and Newborough, Ellises of *Yſtymllyn* and *Tai croeſion*, Wynnes of *Chwaen ddu*, and the Lloyds of *Tregaean*, repreſented by Robert Lloyd, Eſq. a captain in his Majeſty's navy, and an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit; his father, Robert Lloyd of *Gwnys*, Eſq. having married the heireſs of the family of Prydderch of that houſe.—*Sion Brwynog*, about 1550, concludes his monody on Rhydderch ap Rhys of *Tregaean*, with the following exquiſite lines:

" Dalied Sion,* da olud ſydd,
" Dregaean yn dragywydd."

By heirs female from *Collwyn*, the Vaughans of *Plâs hên*, are repreſented by Sir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart.; the Bodwrdas of *Bodwrda*, by the iſſue of the late Glynn Wynne and Hugh Hughes, of *Bodrwyn*, Eſqrs.; the Griffiths of *Tan y bwlch*, by —— Oakly, jun. Eſq.; the Wynnes of *Llanwnda*, by Richard Garnons, jun. Eſq.; the family of *Hafodgregog*, by the Hugheses of *Trefan*; and the branch united to the family of *Yſtym Collwyn*, by Sir Robert Howel Vaughan, Bart.; and the families of Bodvel and Madryn, by the repreſentatives of the late William Lewis of *Llyſdulas*, Eſq. From *Collwyn* alſo were the Vaughans of the Brook *(Tros yr afon)* a family of ſome conſideration in the hiſtory of Beaumaris.

† The original manſion of Lord Bulkeley's anceſtors, in Wales, was *Court Mawr*, in Caſtle-ſtreet, Beaumaris. They afterwards built the houſe called *Old Place*, and reſided there till the reign of James I. when Sir Richard Bulkeley, being in great favor with Prince Henry (eldeſt ſon of that Monarch) built *Baron-hill* for his reception, when on his way to Ireland, where the King (his father) intended to ſend him as Viceroy; but the untimely death of the young Prince ſo affected Sir Richard, that he gave up his original and magnificent plan, and contented himſelf with what was then completed for his family ſeat. The houſe has ſince been enlarged and greatly improved by its preſent poſſeſſor, under the direction of Mr. S. Wyatt.

* *John ap Rhydderch ap Rhys*, ſon of the deceaſed.

Here warblers* carol on the bending ſpray,
The Dryads gambol, and the Satyrs play
Through wilds of foliage and the peaceful groves,
Haunts of the Muſe, the leiſure hour ſhe loves;
For Art and Nature here their beauties blend,
And Taſte and Bulkeley for the palm contend.

Yet here the thoughtful Clio ſtops the gay,
And ſhews the *little* ſpace† where *greatneſs* lay:
Ye ſorrowing race! by Life's afflictions preſt,
For whom a day ſhall riſe in glory dreſt!
And ye who walk Probation's gentler way,
Who paſs without a ſtorm your placid day!
And ye who baſk in Fortune's brighteſt blaze,
May pauſe to *think* and profit while ye gaze!

* "Mae adar gwlâd baradwys,
"Au tôn glaer, ar y twyn glwys;
"Au cyd-gaingc, yn gwau coed-gerdd,
"Hyd y coed, yn hudo cerdd."

D. ap G.

Through all the grove the feather'd race devote
To Heaven the ſong, and ſwell the varied throat;
They bid the Muſe in uniſon rejoice,
And join her dulcet notes to Nature's voice.

† In Baron-hill grounds, at a little diſtance north-eaſt of the houſe, is the ſtone coffin *(Ciſtfaen)* lately brought there from a brook (where it had long been uſed as a trough for watering horſes) near the ſubjacent monaſtery, and ſuppoſed to be that in which were depoſited the remains of Joan, Princeſs of North Wales. Cambria is indebted to this lady for having more than once effectually held the olive branch between her huſband and father, and more eſpecially at that deſperate criſis, when the King (her father) was in the very heart of the country as an enemy, as appears from the following extract:—

"At this time (1212) the King (John) paſſing the river of *Conway*, encamped there by the river ſide, and ſent part of his army, with guides of the country, to burn Bangor, which they did, taking *Rotpart* the Biſhop priſoner, who was afterwards ranſomed for *two hundred hawkes*; then the Prince, ſeeing all England and Wales againſt him, and a great part of his country won from him, thought it beſt to entreat with the King, and thereupon he ſent Joan his wife (the King's daughter) to her father, to *make a peace*, who, being a diſcreet woman, found the means."—*Powell*, 265.

The GREEN's attracting charms, the Muſe ſhall tell
That all-inviting—ever-varying Mall,
That checks, with pebbly beach, the preſſing tides
Where Commerce, in her ſwelling canvaſs prides;
Where Mona's offspring ſeek teſtaceous* wealth,
And every Zephyr brings the bloom of health;
Here, Britain's ſafety, Glory's tempting car,
Inſpire the martial mind to dare the war;
The tactic page, with prying eyes explore
To ſcare the raſh invader from the ſhore—
Here ſchool-boys crowd to face the *fancied* foe,
And little breaſts with hoſtile ardour glow;
The war in miniature—the mimic boy—
The bloodleſs battle—and the hour of joy—
The Muſe beholds! and, in the bright preſage,
The Marlboroughs, Nelſons, of the riſing age;
And though no phalanx fall, no heroes die,
Yet Beauty darts around the conquering eye,
Through pleas'd platoons the graceful footſteps bend,
And evening ſuns on tales of love deſcend.

Here earth is loaded with a maſs† of wall,
The proud inſulting badge of Cambria's fall,

* In this channel, the large oyſters called the *Penmon*, are taken by the dredge, a great quantity of which are pickled annually, and ſent to different parts of the kingdom, in ſmall neat caſks conſtructed for the purpoſe.

In an old plan of Beaumaris, there appears a wind-mill on the eminence between the green and the friary, and its removal is a matter of general regret, the neighbourhood, and particularly the poor, being always diſtreſſed, in the ſummer months, by the difficulty and additional expence of having their corn ground at *Aber* and other places.

Near this ſpot, at the end of *Llangoed* lane, was fixed in a wall, a ſtone, with a head of *St. Francis*, the patron of the adjoining monaſtery, carved thereon, and to which our anceſtors were obliged to make obeiſance as they paſſed, or pay a fine to the Monks.—*P. G. MSS.*

† This caſtle is the laſt of the three great fortreſſes erected by Edward I.; on the conqueſt of Wales in 1295, he fixed upon this ſpot with

By haughty Edward rais'd; and every ſtone
Records a ſigh, a murder, or a groan.

with a view of ſurrounding it with a *foſſe*, for the double purpoſe of defence, and bringing ſmall craft to unload their cargoes under its walls, by a canal; part of which, called *Llyn y Green*, was, till lately, remaining.

Within the caſtle is an area or ſquare of 190 feet, with obtuſe corners; on the right is the chapel, an admirable piece of maſonry, and the only intire part of the building; oppoſite to the ſouth-eaſt entrance is the great hall, 70 feet long and 23 broad, having a range of five elegant windows, and forming a front that (its turreted angles excepted) has rather a modern appearance: and though, upon the whole, a fortreſs of prodigious magnitude, yet its low ſituation, and the great diameter of its nearly-circular towers, takes off conſiderably from its height and appearance.

The ſtyle of architecture in Edward's different erections, is rather Aſiatic than Gothic, a taſte which he probably acquired in his excurſions to the Holy Land; he found the land upon which he built in poſſeſſion of the poſterity of *Gweryd* ap Rhys Goch, Einion ap Meredydd, Gryffydd ap Evan*, and *Einion ap Tegeryn*; theſe he removed by *excambius*: the firſt to *Bodlewyddan*, in Flintſhire, where their deſcendants (the Humphreyſes) reſided till lately; to the other three he gave lands in the townſhips of *Erianallt*† and *Tre 'r ddôl*, free from rent and ſervice, and beſtowed their poſſeſſions on the corporation. In this tranſaction, the King ſeems to have been juſt; but how he came by the lands which he gave in exchange, does not appear.—*P. G. MSS.*

So effectually did Engliſh policy operate to the excluſion of the natives from theſe ſtrong holds, and the towns which gradually grew near them, that in a rental of the borough property, taken ſo lately as 1608, I find but ſeven Britiſh names, and one burgage, deſcribed as ſome little time before, in the tenure of *Gronwy ap Evan*, welſhman, perhaps the only native reſident at the time.

The hiſtory of theſe fortreſſes is a continued ſeries of oppreſſion and irritation: in a ſkirmiſh between the garriſon and the country people,

* *Gweryd ap Rhys Goch*, Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes, reſided at *Caerdegog*, in *Talebolion*, the tenements adjoining being ſtill called after his ſons and grandſons, as *Gwely Howel*, *Gwely Meurig*, &c. I find but one family exiſting in the male line from *Gweryd*—the Foulkeſes, of *Gwerneigron*; the leading branch of the Humphreyſes, of *Bodlewyddan*, and the Lloyds of *Lligwy* and *Gwaredog*, having of late years become extinct. By heirs female the Wynns of *Bodewryd* are repreſented by J. T. Stanley, Eſq. jun. of Adderley; and the iſſue of the Rev. E. Hughes of *Cinmel*, T. P. Jones of *Madryn*, and G. LL. Wardle of Hartſheath, Eſqrs. repreſenting another branch, ought particularly to quarter, in order to preſerve the honorable bearing of *Gweryd*, which, according to ſome authors, is *Argent on a bend ſable, three lions' heads caboched of the firſt*; to others, *three leopards' faces*; but the true coat is, *tri phen Gwyddel ar draws du, yn y maes ; wyn.* The anceſtors of *Gweryd* being among the *Hualegion* (vide Triades) at the defeat of *Sirigi*, the Iriſh Rover, at *Cerrig Gwyddel*, in Angleſey. The coat of *Ednyfed Fychan*, *Gules a chevron ermine, between three Engliſhmen's heads couped*, is a ſimilar inſtance, a diſtinction bravely acquired in the war againſt Randolph, Earl of Cheſter.

† On a farm of this name, and in this neighbourhood, were born three brothers of the name of Morris, men of worth, and of uncommon abilities. The Rev. *Gronwy Owen*, in his monody on Lewis Morris, Eſq. (one of the moſt perfect compoſitions in this language of modern times) has the following lines:

" Er eidduned taer ddynion,
" Er gwaedd mil, er gweddi mon,
" Ni adfer ner amſer oes."

Nor Heaven revokes the deſtin'd hour,
Though ev'ry prayer aſcends to ſave,
A thouſand ſue, and Mona crave.

This gentleman, to much general and uſeful learning, added a critical knowledge in the antiquities, language, and poetry, of antient Britain.

on

The Muſe of Britain, ſuff'ring at its birth,
Exulting ſees it crumbling to the earth.
Ah! what avails it that the lordly *tower*
Attracts the thoughtleſs ſtare and vacant hour!
If ev'ry Bard with indignation burns,
When to the tragic tale* the eye returns;
If for his haunted race,† to diſtant times,
There's ſtill reſerv'd a vengeance for his crimes.

The Muſe, delighted, owns a happier fate,
When no portcullis ſhuts the guarded gate,
When walls that echoed to the plaints of woe
Repeat the milk-maid's ſong, the cattle's low;

on a market day, called the Black Fray *(y ffrau ddu yn y Bewmares)* *Dafydd ap Evan ap Howell*, of *Llwydarth*, Eſq. is ſaid to have fallen; and, however gratifying it may be to the reflecting mind to ſee theſe enormous maſſes in a ſtate of diſapidation, and totally uſeleſs as to their original deſign, it is at the ſame time a matter of ſome regret, that their ſtructure is ſuch as will always reſiſt every idea of converting them to any uſeful purpoſe of rational exiſtence.—*See Appendix.*

* The moſt effectual of the means reſorted to by Edward, for ſecuring the ſubmiſſion of his new ſubjects, was the extirpation of the Bards. Senſible of the influence which this order of men had on the public mind, they were, by

" Edward's cruel ſword, conſign'd
" To ſlaughter all." *D. ddu Feddyg.*

" On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
" Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
" Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail:
" The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams and paſſes by,
" Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art."

Gray.

And the ſyſtem ſeems to have been acted upon, though, perhaps, with leſs rigour, after the death of the bardicide; for, in the reign of Henry IV. *Rhys Goch*, ſpeaking of *Gryffydd Llwyd*, ſays

" Y goreu Bardd a waharddwyd."

The beſt of Bards is interdicted.

Of late it has become faſhionable to doubt this among other hiſtorical facts: but what is to become of the teſtimony of Sir John Wynn, and the ſtrains of the ſufferers?

† " With me in dreadful harmony they join,
" And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line."

Gray.

And where th' embattled legion erſt was drawn,
Exulting Reaſon feaſts upon the LAWN.*

And here the Muſe, with Fancy's lucid eye,
Sees Cambria crowd, contending courſers fly,
The victor's triumph, and the general glee,
And Mona glory in her—*own* ROODEE.†

From Fancy's fairy realms the Muſe recedes,
To ACCADEMIC‡ roofs and Claſſic ſhades;
The ſcene that now on recollection pours,
The joys of infant years and thoughtleſs hours,
O Virtuous Hughes! if from the world of bliſs
Thy ſpirit hovers o'er thy care in this,

* On this extenſive piece of paſture, fertilization might be carried to its utmoſt pitch, highly favorable as the greater part of it is to irrigation.

† The race-courſe at Cheſter.—The day (and perhaps not diſtant) may arrive when the youth, beauty, and wealth, of the neighbouring counties, will be ſeen collected at a race on the lower Lawn; and ſurely no ſpot holds out more inducements to an annual *jubilee* of this nature: its gentle undulation of ſurface, proximity to the town, and its whole extent being commanded by two noble galleries formed by the citadel and outworks of the caſtle, are uncommon advantages, while its interior furniſhes a bowling-green and five's-court; the town, one of the beſt ball-rooms* in the principality, and the morning may be amuſed by a regatta on the *Menai.*

‡ In the rental before-mentioned there appears the following article, highly creditable to the Corporate Body of that day:

"Rowland Thickenes did heretofore pay the yearly rent of xx^{d} for a ſellar and barke-houſe, near the Caſtle Ditch, whereupon the free-ſchool is built; and, in conſideration the ſame is converted to ſoe good a work, there is noe rent to bee anſwered out of the ſame."

* On the ſite of this building ſtood the old Town-hall, built in 1563, under which were the *ſtocks* and the *red ducking-chair*, and near it ſtood the *pillory*. It is a pleaſing proof of improved morality, that the conſtant exhibition *in terrorem* of theſe inſtruments of civic juſtice, is no longer neceſſary. *William Phylip* pointedly alludes to this chair, and to the garrulity of his female neighbours, in the following *pennill* or epigram:

"Chwi 'r gwragedd rhyfedd eu rhoch, yſgeler
"Yſgowliwch pan fynnoch,
"E'ch bernir, a 'ch bai arnoch,
"Gyda 'r gair i 'r gadair goch."

Ye vixen dames your neighbours' peſt,
Unleſs your tongues in future reſt,
Know that (with all your faults) your fate
Is the *red chair's* degrading ſeat.

Still beams benignant on the dome* deſign'd,
To rear the virtues in the riſing mind—
Still leads, with friendly hand, their future years,
And ſtrews with flowery ſweets the "vale of tears."
Then, Hope, to regions of eternal day,
Shall waft, on ſeraph wings, this *grateful lay.*

Now, Muſe, aſcend the ſylvan† ſummits gay
That tower above the town‡—the valley—Bay—

* Mr. David Hughes, the beneficent founder, was born about the middle of the ſixteenth century, in a cottage (now in ruins) on the farm of *Glan y gors*, in the pariſh of *Llan Tri Saint*, Angleſey: he left the iſland early in life, in a very humble ſtation; and, by the prudence and propriety of his conduct, made a decent fortune in England, the principal part of which (having no family) he diſpoſed of in erecting and liberally endowing this ſchool in 1603, and the alms-houſe in 1613.

† "———— Pine, fir, and branching palm,
"A ſylvan ſcene! and as the ranks aſcend,
"Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
"Of ſtatelieſt view." *Milton.*

To thoſe who admire Nature in her various combinations, theſe ſummits will furniſh a feaſt, a *coup de oeil*, that is, perhaps, without a rival; they are approached by various walks that wind through a luxuriance of ſhade, impervious even to the blaze of noon; at the battery, the day opens abruptly, and with enchanting effect; the town of Beaumaris, and its highly-cultivated vicinity, is immediately under the eye; eaſtward, the bay, ſtretching from *Penmon* to the leſſer *Penmaen*, is broken only by the bold promontory of Orms head, ſeemingly inſulated by the eſtuary of the *Conwy*: The tracts called *Creuddyn Dêg o fylche (decem incilia in montibus)* with *Penmaen mawr*, forming three regular gradations to *Eryri* (Snowdonia) occupy, with a continuation of the ridge, the fore-ground in this comprehenſive proſpect, till it is terminated on the ſouth by the cliffs of *Cwm Idwal*, while the towers of *Penrhyn*, riſing with dignity above the venerable oaks that ſurround them, appear to much advantage on the fertile ſlope that approaches the *Menai*.

‡ "And at this daie there is a trimme towne in that ile, called Beaumariſh."—*Caradoc.*

Edward I. in 1295, built the caſtle (and the caſtle was the parent of the town) in a place called *Bonover* marſh, and gave it the name of *Beaumaris*, compounded of the French words *beau* (fair) and *marais* (marſh). The Engliſh, for ſome time after the conqueſt, affected to call both perſons and places by French names, as *Beauclerk*, *De-la-mere*, &c.; and it may, after all, be the Latin *Bimaris*, for Horace calls Corinth *Bimaris Corinthus* (Hor. lib. 1, o. 7.) from the meeting of tides near the place.

Its

Where now, unheeded, lies the heap of ſtones,
The altar's ruin, and the mould'ring bones;

Its name was certainly more appropriate antiently than at preſent, for the marſh or flat extended a conſiderable way into the ſea; within the two laſt centuries that element appears to have made conſiderable ravages on this ſhore—a MS document, written temp. James I. has the under-written paragraph at the head of a liſt of different parcels of land, with their annual value, and among them the following, of which there are not now the leaſt traces:

"A certain parcel of land on the ſea ſhore, extending from a place called *Oſmond's Air* (the point) towards *Cerrig gwyddel* (the park) unto the ſea."

"All the King's fiſh-yard of *Limekyln* beneath Beaumaris, until Ferryman's Wharf, with the appurtenances."

"A certain paſture upon the ſea ſhore, between the ſaid wier called *Limekyln*, and the houſe of the fryers of *Llanfaes*."

"The ſite of a wier and fiſh-yard at *Oſmond's Air*."

"Hewſter's wier, below the Britiſh brook (*Afon y felin.*")

"But by reaſon of the quantity of inhabitants, the decay of houſes, the great mortality of late years, and other ſad accidents, the premiſes amount not to ſo much as before."

The inhabitants of Beaumaris will probably be ſurpriſed to find the following, among the *favours* and *privileges* granted to their anceſtors, by Edward I.—

"That they ſhall have a *free priſon* in the caſtle."

"That no *Jews* ſhall dwell there."

"That if any of the ſaid burgeſſes die, teſtate or inteſtate, their goods ſhall not be confiſcated to the King, but their heirs ſhall have the ſame."

That Beaumaris was a place of conſiderable traffic about a century and a half ago, is evident from the tokens* (of which I have two in my poſſeſſion) circulated by its opulent tradeſmen, as ſubſtitutes for copper coin, and which were common at that time in trading towns. It is likewiſe confirmed by old Sir John Wynn's mode of deſcribing the inhabitants of the three towns—"the Lawyers of Carnarvon, Merchants of Beaumaris, and the Gentlemen of Conway."—Sir John's mind was, probably, a little biaſed in favor of the gentility of Conway, by the reſidence of a branch of his own family (*Tylwyth Sion ap Meredydd*) in the *Plás mawr* there; and, to thoſe who admire the taſte and decorations of 1585, that huge houſe will be a treat, the founder having been laviſh in ornament and the diſplay of family atchievements.

This great branch (*Wynnes* of *Gwydir*) of the deſcendants of *Gryffydd ap Cynan*, Prince of North Wales, is repreſented in the female line by the Duke of Ancaſter; in the male, by Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.; and of this ſtock are the Wynnes of Noſſel (now Lord Headly) the Griffiths of *Tryſan*, the Owens of *Sybylldir*, and the Wynnes of *Pengwern*.—In the female line, the Lloyds of *Rhiwaedog* are repreſented by W. Ll. Doulben, Eſq.; the Gwynnes of *Hirdreſaig*, by the iſſue of

* One has, on one ſide, a caſtle, triple towered; legend, John Davis his penny; on the reverſe, the cyphers J. D. ornamented; around them, Beaumaris; date, 1669; and ſomething leſs than a 6d. piece.
On the other is an antient ſhip, the ſquare ſail unfurled, and thereon the quartered coats of France and England; legend, Ben. Jones, John Worſley; on the reverſe, the town coat; around it, in Beaumaris; no date; but as the Lion of Scotland is not in the quarterings, it was probably coined before the acceſſion of James I.

R. Lloyd,

The ſoil once ſoften'd by Contrition's eyes,
On all that's mortal of ST. MEUGAN* lies,

R. Lloyd, Eſq.; the Wynnes of *Glen 'r afon*, by J. Williams, Eq. and the Lloyds of *Ceſelgyfarch*, by Robert Lloyd, of Beaumaris, Eſq.

It is a ſingular circumſtance, that theſe families, in general, do not bear the coat of their founder——*Gules, three lions paſſant, in pale argent, armed azure*, but that of his ſon, *Owen Gwynedd—Vert, three eagles diſplayed in feſs or*, Lord Headly excepted, who bears the ſame charge on *a feſs, in a field ermine.*

* In a field near the new battery, tenanted by Mrs. Williams of *Bodafon*, is the ſite of the chapel occupied by *Meugan hên, ap Cyndaf, gwr o 'r Ital.—Bonedd y Saint.*

Before the building of the chapel of St. Mary, or the *chauntry of our lady of Beaumaris*, as it was called, this was the chapel of eaſe to *Llan Degfan*; when that took place, it was gradually deſerted, fell into decay, and there are now no remains of it. There was antiently a feſtival or wake kept here annually, on the Saint's-day (Sept. 25) but it has, for ſome years, been diſcontinued.

A *chauntry* conſiſts of ſalaries or yearly maintenance to one or more prieſts, to ſay maſs daily for the ſouls of the deceaſed founders and their friends *(Heylin's Eccle. Hiſt.)* and for the ſupport of this, Saint Mary's fields *(Cae Mair)* and other property, was appropriated.

The chapel conſiſts of three iles: the north, called St. Mary's Chapel; and the ſouth, that of St. Nicholas. There were antiently two galleries: one in the north ile (ſtill remaining) for the common burgeſſes and apprentices; and the other at the weſt end, acroſs the whole building, for the lower ſcholars of the free-ſchool. In the chancel is an elegant tomb of gypſum or alabaſter, with recumbent figures, brought here, at the diſſolution, from the neighbouring monaſtery; but, as the arms painted on the pendant ſhields which ſurround it are obliterated, it is impoſſible to gueſs for whom it was erected. The families of *Gryffydd* and *Tudor* at the ſame time removed the memorials of their anceſtors to their reſpective pariſh churches: the firſt to *Llandegai*, and the latter to *Penmynydd.*

In the veſtry adjoining were interred, the remains of Lady Beatrix Herbert, daughter of that mirror of chivalry, the Lord Herbert of Chirbury, hiſtorian of Hen. VIII. and likewiſe thoſe of the Rev. *Gronwy Davies*, whoſe epitaph (now defaced) concludes with a line that is worth preſerving—

Here lies learning, friendſhip, love;
Here lies the innocence of the dove:
Within this grave, and in this duſt,
His ever-courteous body muſt
Until the reſurrection lie;
Then he ſhall live, and death ſhall die.

On a plain ſtone, near the eaſt entrance into the church yard, is that of Meredith Davis, in the true ſtyle of Sternhold and Hopkins—

Who has been our pariſh clark
Full one and thirty years, I ſay,
Muſt here, alas! lye in the dark,
Bemoan'd for ever and for aye.

Who blindly thought that Pain's inflictive rod
Would lead the lonely Hermit to his God.

Again, the active worth of Hughes appears,
A bleſt ASYLUM *(a)* for the wreck of years!
If there *(a)* his views the opening mind engage,
Here he ſupports the trembling limbs of age;
His breaſt embrac'd within its godlike plan,
At once the morn and evening hours of man!

And ye, who here his laſting bounty ſhare,
Whoſe tranquil days decline without a care!
If ſtill, as night ſhall cloſe, day greet your eyes,
No grateful aſpirations reach the ſkies,
Indignant Heaven beholds you with a frown,
Nor gives the ingrate Life's immortal crown!

Now ſouthward, Muſe, on ſpreading pinions bend,
A leſſer Snowdon's* verdant ſides aſcend,
That rears abruptly from the lucid deep,
Its ſtoney apex o'er the craggy ſteep.
The Landſcape's various charms the Muſe explores,
The Druid† haunts, and Mona's hallow'd ſhores,

(a) Vide note, page 17.

* This rock, called *Craig y parc*, is cloſe to Mr. Robert Allen's farm-houſe, and affords a circular view, at once various, extenſive, and beautiful.

† It would, perhaps, be an eaſy matter to prove, that the great body of men, known in different parts of the world by the deſignation of *Brachmans*, *Celtes*, and *Druids*, were members of one great original ſociety, nearly in uniſon with reſpect to their leading principles: theſe were, the unity of the Deity—his perfections and attributes—the tranſmigration and immortality of ſouls—the origin of the world—and its tendency to diſſolution.

Theſe tenets, probably, coeval with the earlieſt population, had been preſerved by theſe orders, unimpaired, through the revolutions of ages, and their various emigrations. According to *Herodotus*, the doctrine of the *Metemſychoſis* may be traced to a remote antiquity; and the tenets, more peculiarly *Druidical*, as their veneration for the *oak* and

High Arfon ſoaring o'er the humbler iſle,

and *miſtletoe (pren awyr)* to a very early origin. It is therefore highly probable, that Druidiſm was brought into Britain by its primitive planters; nor is there the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe, that their ſyſtem was at all altered by the introduction of any thing derived from thoſe fertile and fanciful ſources—the mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The word *Druid* is derived from *Derw* (oak) though Pliny traces it to a Grecian word of the ſame ſignification: it is, however, certain, that they held this tree in particular veneration, performed their ceremonies in the receſſes of its groves, and generally dwelt beneath its ſacred branches.

The cuſtom, which ſtill prevails in many parts of England, of cutting the miſtletoe, and ſuſpending it to the cieling in houſes, is a relic of *Druidiſm.*—When the end of the year approached, the Druids marched with great ſolemnity to gather it, in order to preſent it to Jupiter, inviting all the world to aſſiſt at the ceremony in theſe words: "The new-year is at hand; gather the Miſtletoe."—The ſacrifices being ready, the prieſt aſcended the oak, and, with a golden hook, cut off the Miſtletoe, which was received in a white garment ſpread for that purpoſe.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the victims (two white bulls, that never had been yoked) were brought forth, and offered up to the Deity, with prayers that he would proſper thoſe to whom he had given ſo precious a boon.

Of the Miſtletoe, thus gathered, they made a potion, which they adminiſtered as an antidote to all poiſons, and uſed as a remedy to prevent ſterility.

In *Mona*, the Druids, gradually retreating from every part of Britain, were in hopes of finding a ſanctuary from the perſecuting Romans, who, *Strabo* ſays, hated them: it was here that *Suetonius* and his hardy veterans were appalled with a ſpecies of warfare that was new even to them, whoſe avocation it ſeemed to be to find foes or make them—"*Muliebre, &c. fanaticum agmen,*" a troop of viragoes and maniacs, running about like furies, brandiſhing fire-brands, and pouring out on the violators of their groves the moſt dreadful execrations.—*Rowland's M. A.*

Such was the Druidiſm of the antients: in that of the moderns, among other benevolent and patriotic tenets, there is one, which it is impoſſible to contemplate without the higheſt gratification—the liberality with which it encourages and rewards exertion, for ſaving the ſufferers in caſes of ſhipwreck.

From groves, where Rome, affrighted, hear'd
The Druid's oral ſtores;
Where immolation heap'd the pile,
A purer incenſe ſoars.

Now, brighter beams illume the ſhade,
And Druids ruſh to ſave,
To bid the ſinewy arm extend,
And ſtem th' o'erwhelming wave.

To ſnatch from Fate, expiring life,
Their Godlike efforts tend;
And ſave, perhaps, for Britain's foes,
A Huſband, Father, Friend!

The winding Menai*—Daniel's† mitred pile;

" *Nis gwyr** *namyn* Duw, a dewinion byd
" A *diwyd Dderwyddon*;
" O aerdorf, aurdorchogion
" Ein rhif yn Rhiwarth afon."

God only, the wife ones of the world,
And the indefatigable Druids,
Knew the number of our golden chain'd warriors,
At the river fide of *Rhiwarth.*

So ſung *Cynddelw*, the Powiſian Bard, the Britiſh Homer, in 1160, when celebrating a ſeries of conflicts, and addreſſing himſelf to one of his patrons, *Madoc ap Meredydd*, Prince of Powis.

* " Ymmyl Môn, am ael Menai
" O hyd, gwyn i fyd, y fai."

Lewis Menai.

On ſhady Mona's ſacred ſide,
Where Menai rolls her ſaline tide,
How bleſt my lot, could I through life abide.

Of this Bard *(Lewis Menai)* all that we know is, that he was one of the expert Bards in *tonge* and *cunynge* graduated at the congreſs held in that Eleia of Cambria, *Coed Edwyn*, near *Caerwys*, in the county of Flint, the 10th of Elizabeth.

† The Cathedral of Bangor was founded about 525, by Daniel, ſon of *Dinothus*, *Abbot* of *Bangor is Coed*, in Flintſhire, under the auſpices of *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, King of Wales, Founder of *Penmon*, Patron of *Taliefin*, and the moſt liberal Prince of his time, though much abuſed by Gildas, who calls him *Inſularum Draco*, becauſe he reſiſted the innovations which Pope Gregory wiſhed to introduce into the Britiſh Church by means of Auguſtine, the Monk, and which gave riſe to the denunciatory ode of *Taliefin*—

" Gwae 'r Offeiriad byd."

Here was antiently a pariſh church, built in 975 by King Edgar, ſituate about 400 yards north-eaſt of the cathedral, and called *Llanfair Edgar Frenhin*. Biſhop Skeffington, in Henry VII.'s time, took it down, and repaired the preſent church with the materials. Here, likewiſe, near the ſea ſhore, *Tudur ap Gronwy*, of *Penmynydd* and *Tre 'r caſtell*, in Angleſey, founded a houſe of Black Friars, and was interred there in 1311. In the monody, quoted page 8, are the following lines:—

" Aml uwch grann oe hynt Fangor
" Ym di-dyr, deigr am Dudur!"

For Tudor, dead, the tears inceſſant flow,
And Bangor ſuffers in the general woe!

On the ſite of this friary, Dr. Jeffery Glynn afterwards founded a free-ſchool, for the education of poor men's children, as his will expreſſes, dated July 8, 1557.

* The italic words in this quotation form the legend on the Druidical Medal.

Thy towers Carnarvon*—triple ſummits,† Llŷn,
That diſtant cloſe the vaſt and varied ſcene.

* This neat and compact town, is the *Arfonian* capital, the offspring of the Roman *Segontium*, and the *birth-place of the unfortunate Edward II.

" The ſhrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring—
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!" *Gray.*

Its caſtle is the moſt elegant and entire of the three great fortreſſes built by Edward I. on the ſubjugation of the country, and from whatever point it is approached, has a ſtriking and magnificent effect.

" Ple mae Edwart, plwm ydych!
" Gwr a wnai y Gaer yn wych:
" Mae ei ddelw, pe meddylien,
" Wych yn y porth, uwch y pen;
" Yntau yn ſud hwnt yn ei fedd;
" Dan garreg dew yn gorwedd." *Sir D. Trefor.*

Where! ye now aſtoniſh'd cry—
Where does mighty Edward lie?
He that gave theſe ramparts birth,
When proſtrate Cambria lean'd on earth;
Here ſtill his image, rais'd on high,
Attracts the thoughtful, curious eye;
But he, long humbled from a throne,
Far diſtant lies beneath a ſtone.

As a proof of the progreſs of rational refinement, and the habits of different ages, it may not be amiſs to mention here, that an order was iſſued, in the reign of Edward I. as hiſtory informs us, that the chamber of that Monarch ſhould be furniſhed with *clean ſtraw every week!*

† Three beautiful and (from hence) uniform conic ſummits, of the *Reiſt* ridge, in the promontory of *Llyn*. The *Rivals*, a name by which they are frequently called, ſeems to be the mere echo of the Britiſh 'r eiſl, but of very different ſignification.

The diſtrict extending from theſe hills to the confines of Carnarvon, formed, in the ninth century, the territories of *Cilmyn droed du* (or of the black leg) nephew to *Merſyn Frych* (who defeated the Saxons at *Llanfaes*) and Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes. *Glynllifon* (his ſeat) continued to be that of his deſcendants till of late years, when Frances, daughter and heireſs of John Glynn, Eſq. beſtowed it, with her perſon, on Thomas Wynn, of *Boduan*, Eſq. grandfather to Lord Newborough. From *Cilmyn* is deſcended, Sir Stephen Glynn, of Hawarden, Bart. the Glynns of London and *Nanlle*, the Lloyds of *Maes y porth*, and the Hugheses of *Bodrwyn*; from him alſo were the Glynns of *Lleiar*, *Plâſnewydd*, and *Elernion*, now extinct.

Cilmyn bore quarterly 1 *and* 4, *argent, an eagle diſplayed with two heads ſable*; 2 *and* 3, *argent, three fiery rugged ſtakes gules*; *and on an eſcutcheon furtout argent, a man's leg couped ſable*; perhaps an alluſion to his name.

* The cradle of this Prince is ſaid to be ſtill preſerved in the family of a clergyman in Gloucerſhire, deſcended from one of his attendants.

Below, amphibious Man, as whim prevails,
Trims up his little bark, and ſpreads his ſails;
Or, led by florid Health, deſcends to lave,
And ſkims the ſurface of the bracing wave;
Or frets the liquid azure as he floats
Where fiſter nations crowd the buſy* boats.

Here glow'd the patriot breaſt with public good,
And urg'd a wiſh to ſtem th' obſtructing flood,
Bade Genius form the potent pier, that braves
Impeding tempeſts and the war of waves;
Beheld the embryo arch,† with foſtering ſmile,
Entice the infant to the parent iſle;
But though the plan the wiſh of nations crown'd,
Fell Diſcord ſaw the bleſt deſign—and frown'd!

* Edward I. in the diſpoſal of other people's property, ſeems to have been ſuperlatively liberal.

"Hael Howel, ar eiddo 'r wlad." *Adage.*

How generous Howel at the public coſt.

Einion, Biſhop of Bangor, accordingly received, in addition to the Manors of Bangor, *Caſtellmai*, and *Garthgogo*, the Barony of *Treffos*, and the ferry of *Cadnant*, for chriſtening his conciliating ſon Edward of Carnarvon (*Willis Bangor.*)—But what was it that the good *Einion* did not deſerve?

† *Reſolutions of the Noblemen and Gentlemen at the St. Alban's Tavern.*

At a meeting of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Principality of Wales, held the 29th of April, 1785, at the St Alban's Tavern, to take into conſideration the erecting of a bridge acroſs the Streights of Menai, from the county of Carnarvon to Cadnant iſland.

Reſolved, That the erecting a Carriage Bridge over the Streights of Menai, will be of great public utility.

Reſolved, That it appears from the reports and concurrent opinions of ſeveral able engineers, that the erecting a Timber Bridge upon piles, with three Swivel Bridges, will not be detrimental to the navigation of the ſaid Streights, and therefore we approve of a bridge being erected upon that plan.

Reſolved, That we will ſupport the application made to Parliament, for an act for building a Bridge acroſs the ſaid Streights, agreeable to the above plan.

N. BAYLEY, Chairman.

[Here follow the ſignatures of the Noblemen and Gentlemen.]

Yet Cambria's Muſe preſerves the *thought* ſublime—
Records the *effort* on the rolls of time—
While grateful Mona in her Griffith* prides,
For every virtue in his breaſt reſides.

The Muſe here ſhudders at the Feudal† plan
That gave to man a property in man;

* Holland Griffith, of *Carreglwyd*, Eſq.

† In this townſhip *(Porthaethwy)* was exemplified, the power of a feudal proprietor to ſell his vaſſals or villains (cultivators) as well as his cattle (as appears from the following tranſlated document) and the poor are ſtill in this ſituation in the northern parts of Europe:

Ednyfed Fychan ap Ednyfed, Dafydd ap Gryffydd, and *Howel ap Dafydd ap Ryrid*, free tenants of our Lord the King, in the townſhip of *Rhandir gadog*, have given and confirmed unto *William ap Gryffydd ap Gwilym*, Eſq. free tenant of *Porthamel*, ſeven of our natives, viz:—

Howel, Matto, and *Llewelyn, ap Dafydd dew*;
Dafydd and *Howel, ap Matto ap Dafydd dew*;
Llewelyn, ap Evan goch; and
Jevan, ap Evan ddu;

With their ſucceſſors procreated and to be procreated, and all their goods, chattels, &c. to have, &c. our afore-mentioned natives, &c. to the ſaid *William Gryffydd ap Gwilym*, his heirs and aſſigns for ever.—Dated at *Rhandir gadog*, June 20, 27th of Hen. VI.

Among the *boons* beſtowed upon the Corporation of Beaumaris, by Queen Elizabeth, July 22d, and 4th of her reign, is the following:—

"All and ſingular the King's lands, tenements, and hereditaments, in *Bodinew*, and his villagers (cultivators) in the ſame towne (if any be) with their offspring."

Mr. Rowlands ſays that he had by him a copy of injunction, iſſued out by the King, Henry VII. commanding eſcheators, and all other miniſterial officers, to ſee that the King's *native tenants (puri nativi)* kept within their common limits; and, if any of them were found to *ſtray* and *wander* from their houſes, to drive them back like beaſts to their pinfolds, with the utmoſt ſeverity.—*Mona Antiqua.*

My readers in humble life, after reading the foregoing extracts, will, doubtleſs, gratefully enjoy their meliorated condition and happier period of exiſtence.

That portion of Angleſey extending from this place *(Porthaethwy)* along the ſhores of the *Menai*, to its ſouthern extremity, is that which antiently pertained to *Llowarch ap Brân*, thence called Lord of *Cwmmwd Menai*, of whom it was ſaid, "*Coderrid a gafodd o herwydd ei ddewrder*" *i. e.* he became potent by his proweſs. *Llowarch* was brother-in-law to *Owen Gwynedd*, and Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes; and though father of thirty-four children, this territory has been ſo divided by the law of Gavel, that of his progeny there now reſides within

Contraſts the periods paſt, the preſent day,
And pours to Heaven the glad and grateful lay:

within it only the Hugheſes of *Plâs coch* and *Gwydryn*, and (maternally) the Williamſes of *Llanidan*; out of it his deſcendants are, the Viſcount Aſhbrook, and the Williamſes of *Quirt*; by heirs female, the Owenſes of *Pencraig* are repreſented by O. A. Poole, Eſq.; the Morgans of *Henblas*, by Charles Evans of *Trefeilir*, Eſq.; the Meredithſ of *Pengwern*, by the *Llewesog* family; and the Lloyds of *Coed y Rhygyn*, by the families of *Ceſn y coed* and *Maeſgamedd*.

From this ſtock alſo are the Meyricks of *Bodorgan*, by the marriage of their anceſtor *Einion*, with *Eva*, heireſs of *Meredydd ap Cadwgan ap Llowarch ap Brân*, proprietor of that place.

Sion Brwynog, alluding to Richard Meyrick, Eſq. in 1550, ſays,

" Alarch o Lowarch, a 'i lys,
" Ap Brân, yn nhop yr ynys."

Of *Llowarch's* princely race—the pride,
Thy Mona's guardian, and her guide.

And, ſpeaking of his exemplary exertions in agriculture and horticulture, adds

" A 'r wlâd oll a wêl dy waith."

The whole country obſerves thy works.

And when it is conſidered how much in their infancy theſe uſeful arts were at that time in Britain, when the city of London itſelf was ſupplied with vegetables by the Dutch, theſe were examples of the moſt patriotic nature, and worthy the reſpectable muſe of *Sion Brwynog*.

A later Bard, alluding to the pre-eminence of this branch, of the name of *Meyrick*, ſays

" Nid Meurig, ond Meurig Môn."

By a Britiſh MS it appears, that *Llowarch* bore *Cwpwl du, yn y maes gwyn, rhwng tair brân ag adwyd yn ei pigau*; ſo that his deſcendants are not quite correct in the coat they bear.

With their paternal coat, thoſe of the Bolds of *Tre 'r ddôl*, and the Woods of *Rhoſmore*, the family of *Bodorgan* ought to arrange that of *Llowarch ap Brân*, for his, originally, was their *dulcis domus*.

Nor muſt it be forgot, that this tribe has been honored by the production of *Dafydd ap Gwilym*, the Britiſh Ovid, who, though thus deſcended, was born in South Wales, and ſpent the greater part of his time under the hoſpitable roof of his relation, *Ifor hael* (or the generous) Lord of *Maeſaleg*, in Glamorganſhire, and whoſe kindneſs he rewarded in a manner that does honor to his heart, by giving the amiable *Ifor* the honorable exiſtence that will never ceaſe: in the ode in which he ſolicits ſummer to ſhower her choiceſt bleſſings on Glamorgan, he abruptly concludes with the following lines, ſtruck with a grateful recollection of his departed friend, and which are ſo beautiful, that it is impoſſible not to tranſcribe them:

" From dewy lawns I'll pluck the roſe,
" With every fragrant flower that blows;
" The earlieſt promiſe of the ſpring
" To *Ifor's* honor'd grave I'll bring:

" This

In ages dark, if Slavery chain'd her race,
Enlighten'd Britain bears the dire diſgrace;

"This humble rite ſhall oft be paid,
" To deck the ſpot where he is laid,
" To ſhew how much for him I mourn,
" How much I weep o'er *Iſor's* urn."

In the time of this Bard, a great revolution happened in Britiſh muſic: the twiſted horſe-hair ſtrings with which the *harp* and *crwth* had, till then, been furniſhed, were diſcarded for the foreign and more ſonorous catgut, though not without a contention, by which the world of harmony was divided into two diſcordant factions:—*Dafydd ap Gwilym*, with a view of checking innovation, joined the amateurs of antient muſic, and wrote "*Cowydd y delyn ledr*" (Ode to the catgut harp) and other pieces; but, notwithſtanding his influence, and that of his muſe, he was borne down by an invincible majority: the *piano* of Britain was, of courſe, loſt in the *forte* of the Levant, and the lovers of Italian novelty carried their point.

The monody on this Bard concludes with the following uncommon thought:

" Triſtwch weithian bôb cantref;
" Bellach, naw llawenach Nêf."

On earth, what is there left us but deſpair,
For Heaven, now happier Heaven, has call'd him there.

This diſtrict has likewiſe been honored by the reſidence of the Rev. H. Rowlands (though not deſcended from its antient proprietor, but from *Ryrid Flaidd*, anceſtor of the Middletons of Chirk, *Gwaunynog*, Lloyds of *Ddwyſaen*, &c.) the worthy and able inveſtigator of the antiquities of his native iſle.

The antiquary will, perhaps, be pleaſed to hear, that Britiſh copper coins of *Carrau* (Carauſius) and of Alectus, who both reigned in the third century, were found in this neighbourhood a few years ago, in fine preſervation.

Pleaſantly ſituated on an eminence above this ferry *(Porthaethwy)* is *Gorphwyſfa* (Reſting-place) erected within a few years by Lord Lucan: this houſe, and another built at Conway by the late Mr. Holland *(Bodlondeb*, Content) are inſtances of a correct taſte and exceptions to the prevailing mode of calling places, in Wales, by Engliſh or mixt names.

The Lords *Penrhyn*, *Gwydir*, and *Dineſor*, have not only preſerved the names of their reſpective manſions, but have choſen to be ennobled by them; on the contrary, ſome of our native gentry have diſcarded primitive, ſignificative, and deſcriptive names, to which, perhaps, belongs the intereſting tale of other times, and adopted others, wholly Engliſh, ſome of them inapplicable in their meaning, and others the very reverſe of the objects they are meant to deſcribe.

Some of them have indeed the merit of preſerving the original in a literal tranſlation, as Greenfield *(Maeſglás)* Redhill *(Gallygoch)* Croſswood *(Trawſcoed)* Mount Hazle *(Cyllfryn)* others are mere echoes, as Goldgrove *(Gwylgre)* &c.; in other inſtances, the addition of Engliſh to Britiſh words, has produced the moſt jarring and incongruous compounds, as *Bathafarn* park, *Llewefog* lodge, *Allyn* bank, &c.

In

Still clouds her commerce by a *legal* ſtain,
And coolly trades in agony and pain.

Sons of the Iſles! whoſe navy rules the world,
And ſhews to every clime your flag unfurl'd—
Heirs to the ſocial ſweets of civil life,
O ſhun the odious mart—the brutal ſtrife:
Unhappy Afric! let *theſe days* redreſs,
And hordes, that curſe, ſhall name you but to bleſs.

We now aſcend, and eaſtward bend our view
Where Rome's imperial eagle never flew;
The Menai leave—the rocky heights explore—
The Briton's laſt reſource*—his mountains hoar—
Where weeping† Freedom from the conteſt fled,
And Cambria ſaw her deareſt heroes dead.

In Angleſey, the language of antient Rome is joined to that of England in two inſtances: Fort Cæſar and Mona Lodge; to that of Cambria, in another, Mount *Edern*. In *Daffryn Clwyd*, the liquid ſounds of modern Italy are compelled to coaleſce with the more ſonorous conſonants of antient Britain, *Bryn Bella*.

"Eu hiaith a gadwant,"

Said the venerable *Taliefin*, in the ſixth century, but what would the ſage have ſaid this day, ſeeing from his abode "*Ar lan** *llyn Geirionydd*," a houſe for which his copious Britiſh, and all the Ciſalpine languages, have failed to furniſh even a ſyllable of its name, *Belmonte*; or if the capital of Peru, *Lima*, (a region unknown in the geography of his day) had opened on his mind from the wilds of *Spyty*.

* "In this ſhire (Carnarvon) are the Snowdon hills, and, without doubt, the ſtrongeſt country within Britain."—*Speed.*

This laſt fragment of the Britiſh dominion, this *dernier reſort*, the five baronies in Snowdon, was all that *Llewelyn ap Gryffydd* could ſtipulate for, in the ruinous, but ſhort-lived, peace of 1277.

† The politic Edward well knew, though *Llewelyn* was dead, that the country was unſubdued while the receſſes of Snowdon were unexplored; here, therefore, it was, that in a moraſs (the Thermopylæ of Cambria) that theſe heroes were attacked by the Earl of Warwick, who, after a moſt ſanguinary conflict, by a ſuperiority in numbers and tactics, prevailed over this intrepid band ſtruggling for the expiring independence of their country, and who, when they failed to conquer, choſe to fall ———

* "Myſi yw Taliefin, ar lan llyn Geirionydd."
I am *Taliefin*, on the ſhore of the lake *Geirionydd*.——In *Llan Rhychwyn*, near *Llanrwſt*.

——— to fall

Illuſtrious band! diſtinguiſh'd* Arfon's† boaſt!
'Twas yours to lead, in Gwynedd's‡ warlike hoſt.
For you (while wiſdom dwelt upon his tongue)
Your own Taliesin's§ ſweeteſt lyre was ſtrung;
For you,‖ in peaceful ſhades, and tented plains,
Flow'd from his hallow'd lips th' approving ſtrains.

Here brave Caradoc,¶ the recording Muſe,
Thy virtues, conflicts, and thy fall, reviews,

——— ——— to fall
Heroic ſhades, on you I call,
As bending o'er the ſoil, I weep
Where now your peaceful ſpirits ſleep;
Heavenly ſlumbers bleſs the brave,
And Cambria's tears bedew the grave;
With ſweeteſt flowers ſhe decks the ſod,
And gives your happier ſouls to God.

* *Breinian gwyr Arfon*, i. e. privileges granted to the men of Arfon, by *Rhûn ap Maelgwyn* (Founder of *Caerhûn*, the Roman Conovium) in conſideration of their long detention from their families, in the wars of the north.

" Yr eil yu blaen Gwyned yn lluydeu."

The ſecond to have the lead of *Gwynedd* in warfare.

† *Arfon*; ſo called, becauſe ſituated oppoſite to *Môn*, or Angleſey. *Arfon*, literally *Supra Monam*, from the particle *ar*, *ſupra*; and *Môn Mona*.

‡ North Wales, the Venedotia of the Romans.

§ " In his time *(Maelgwyn Gwynedd)* was the famous Clarke, and great wiſeman *Talieſin ben Beirdh*, that is to ſay, the cheefeſt of the *Beirdh*, or wiſemen; for the word *Bardh*, in Cæſar's time, ſignified (as Lucan beareth witneſs) ſuch as had knowledge of things to come."—*Car.*

‖ " Kygleu wrth wres eu llawneu
" Gan rûn yn rudher bydyneu
" Gwyr Arfon rydyon yn rydiheu."—*Talieſin.*

Behold! amid the heated blades,
Where *Rhûn* the dreadful conflict leads,
Where, red with blood, in fields of death,
Arfon's warriors pant for breath.

¶ The Silurian and Ordovicean chief, or, as Tacitus ſays, he deſcribed himſelf " *plurium gentium imperator*," taken and carried priſoner to Rome about the year 50, after having bravely defended his country againſt the Roman power for nine years; but the eloquence and dignified deportment of *Caradoc*, or Caractacus (vide Tacitus, lib. 13) ſo affected the congenial Claudius, that he was liberated, and permitted

Thy manly eloquence, thy adverſe fate,
The act that made a Claudius *truly great.*
Thine, liberal Roman! be the hero's fame,
And Britain's Muſe ſtill venerates thy name,
Pours, with a grateful flow, this verſe to thee,
That bade, with generous voice, thy foe be free.
Far different, Edward, are thy hated deeds—
The ſmile* vindictive, when thy rival† bleeds,
Even now the Muſe can hear the traitor's‡ voice,
Renew the ſhout, and alien hoſts rejoice;
The triumph§ ring through Conway's crowded halls,
While ſtruggling Cambria with Llewelyn falls;

ted to return with his family to Britain, leaving his father *Brân* as hoſtage. It is a curious circumſtance, recorded in the genealogy of *Jeſtyn ap Gwrgant*, Prince of Glamorgan, 29th in deſcent from Caractacus (tho' not mentioned in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory) that *Brân*, thence called *Brân Fendigaid*, or the Bleſſed, introduced chriſtianity into theſe iſlands, on his return from Rome; but the Romiſh Clergy thought proper to ſuppreſs this truth in favor of their abſurd, but productive legend, of Joſeph of Arimathea. An alluſion to this event is, perhaps, the Holy Lamb, borne as a creſt by the Parrys of *Perfeddgoed*, and other deſcendants from *Jeſtyn*.

* And when *Llewelyn* was ſlain, *Adam Francſyn* knew him very well, and, cutting off his head, ſent it to the King (then at the Abbey of Conway) *who received it with great joy!*—Powell, 374.

† "King Edward could never brook Prince *Llewelyn* ſithence the time that he was driven to flight by him at their meeting in the Marches; on the other ſide, *Llewelyn* liked no better of the King than the King did of him."—*Ibid.*

‡ In the monody on *Llewelyn ap Gruffydd* he is ſaid to have fallen *(drwy dwyll Madoc Mîn ag eraill)* through the treachery of *Madoc Mîn* and others. In Lord Macclesfield's MSS this *Madoc* is ſaid to have been Biſhop of Bangor; if ſo, he muſt have been Richard, upon whoſe abdication *Einion* ſucceeded, in 1268, and *Madoc Mîn* muſt have been a name by which he was known in Wales only. It was he that excommunicated *Dafydd*, the brother of *Llewelyn*; and was ſo generally hated, that he quitted his dioceſe, and retired to Reading or Saint Alban's, in one of which convents he ended his days.—*Willis Bangor.*

§ In a MS poem on the battle of *Cymryd (Cam rhyd)* near Conway, written by an ingenious native, is the following alluſion to the triumphs of this conqueror:

"In vain aſcends the loud triumphant ſtrain,
"And Fame records thy victories in vain."

For thee, th' hiſtoric pen, the rolls of fame,
Still blazon conqueſts, and perpetuate ſhame;
They ſtill repeat that Pity (heavenly gueſt)
Had ne'er been cheriſh'd in thy callous breaſt,
Ne'er led adown thy cheeks the feeling tear
For ſuffering nations, or the captive's fear;
And many a deed* that prompts the future ſigh,
And forms the gem that dignifies the eye,
The Muſe preſerves, in tints for ever new,
To guide the pencil, and the ſtage bedew.

Thus fell, divided from his country's bands,
The princely victim of ignoble hands;
Thus fell the heir† of Britain's iſles and crown,
Yet Heaven had ſmiles reſerv'd beyond its frown.‡

* Among the numerous acts of rapacity and oppreſſion committed at this period by the Engliſh officers, and enumerated in ſeveral unavailing petitions to the King, and John Peckam, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, are the following, emphatically called *Greefs*, "ſuffered by the men of *Strath Alyn* (the diſtrict in which Mold lies) at the hands of Roger Clifford, and Roger Schrochill, his deputy:"

"The ſaid Rogers took the lands of the men of the country as forfeit, and for one foot of a ſtag found in a dog's mouth, three men were ſpoiled of all they had."

Item—"Ithel ap Gwyſty was condemned in a great ſum, for the fact of his father, done forty years before."

Item—"We were given to Maiſter Maurice de Cruny, and were ſold to Roger Clifford, which was never known in our parents' time."—*Car.*

And ſuch was the tyranny of the times, that *Einion*, the highly-favored *Einion*, Biſhop of Bangor, was reduced to the neceſſity of petitioning Edward for redreſs.—*Willis Bangor.*

† Theſe Princes ſtill fondly retained the merely nominal, though original and hereditary diſtinction of "*Brenhin Brydain oll*," Kings of all Britain; and we have ſimilar inſtances in our day—King of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland.

‡ "I confeſs (ſays Vaughan of *Hengwrt*) we have reaſon to bleſs God for his mercy to us, in our happy eſtabliſhment under one Monarch; we may well ſay we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage."

Llewelyn

Sons of the World! to every realm that range,
Purſuing ſtill the pleaſing purpoſe—*change*,
To Roman—Attic—climes no longer roam,
Here Britain boaſts an Ida of her own;

Llewelyn, with a generous confidence that proved fatal to him, had agreed to meet ſome Engliſh Lords in a wood near *Buellt*, in Radnorſhire: he accordingly met them, attended only by his eſquire; but, on returning to his army, which was encamped on the neigbouring hill, was ſurpriſed, and ſlain.

This event, however productive of temporary calamity, and humiliating to national pride, and aboriginal independence, was eventually the ſource of much happineſs, by the gradual incorporation of the two countries, and the final extinction of that deadly hate, that muſt of neceſſity exiſt between the oppreſſed and the oppreſſor, and that alternately defolated not only the confines, but the very heart of both countries, for the Bards have not omitted to deſcribe, in the language of exultation, the exploits of *Hedd Molwynog* (a Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes) at the *winning* and *ſpoiling* of the country, even unto Coventry.—*P. G. MSS.*

Hedd Molwynog was ſteward to *Daſydd ap Owen Gwynedd*, Prince of North Wales; he uſually reſided at *Henllys*, in *Llanfair Talhaearn*, which, with *Dyffiyn Elwy* and *Nant Aled*, were his lordſhip and property. Theſe were afterwards divided among his three ſons, from whom the antient reſident proprietors are in general deſcended; diſtinguiſhed branches of this ſtock are, the Lloyds of *Hafodunos* and *Llwyn y maen*, and from the ſame origin was *Iolo goch*, *Iolo achrwm o Lechryd*. This Bard poſſeſſed, in a high degree, the *mens ſana*, though in *corpore curvo*. It was his muſe that put his country in motion, in its laſt effort, under his patron *Glyndwr*.

" Un pen, ar Gymry wen wêdd,
" Ag un enaid gan Wynedd."

One head let hoary Cambria lead,
One ſoul let Gwynedd's ſons pervade.

We are alſo indebted to this tribe for the delightful ſtrains of *Tudur Aled* (who lived in 1490) and of whom it was ſaid

" Canai a 'i fin ddoethineb,
" Yn well nag y canai neb."

On Tudor's lips the ſtrain inſtructing hung,
And ſweeter flow'd from *his* than any tongue.

This tribe, and that of *Nefydd Hardd*, of *Nant Conway*, contend (and it is worth contending) for the honor of having produced that exemplary prelate, William Morgan, Biſhop of Saint Aſaph: it is to the virtue and abilities of Dr. Morgan that his country is indebted for a tranſlation of the bible; and though the genealogical diſpute may not eaſily be ſettled, the honor of his birth pertains to the houſe of *Ewybrnant*, in the pariſh of *Penmachno*, and county of Carnarvon. The deſcendants of *Hedd Molwynog* are diſtinguiſhed by *a hart trippant argent, attired or, in a field ſable.*

And though ſtern Winter, in her cap* of ſnow,
Here lingers, and forbids the ſtreams to flow—
Forbids the grove to ſpread perennial ſhades,
Yet here the Muſes have their favorite Meads :†
Even now the Nine, along their verdure ſtray,
Or, laving in the lucid waters, play ;
While OGWEN‡ claſps the heavenly Nymphs he loves,
And ſlowly from their moſſy margin moves.

* " Trwy 'r haf-ddydd, tywydd tês,
" Yn ben-noeth, byddi baunes;
" A phôb gauaf, oeraf fydd,
" Tan awyr, cei het newydd."—*M. ap Riſiert i Eryri.*

When ſummer's tepid breezes fan the air,
Thy proud exalted ſummits then are bare;
On icy fields, when gelid winter frowns,
They then diſplay anew their ſnowy crowns.

† *Dôl Awen*; *Dôl* (Mead) and *Awen* (Furor Poeticus) the Meads of the Muſes.

" Dwyn o 'r Nen
" Ddechreuad achau 'r Awen."—*Edm. Prys.*

We derive from Heaven
The primeval inſpiration of Bardiſm.

A tenement ſo called, ſituated near the entrance into *Nant Francon*; its meads, through which the river Ogwen meanders and lingers, ſeem clothed with a verdure uncommonly inviting, the effect, perhaps, of a contraſt with the awful ſterility that towers above them.

We owe to this worthy man (*Edmund Prys*, Archdeacon of *Meirionydd* in 1660) the verſion of the Pſalms, now in uſe, into Welſh.

‡ A river, whoſe ſource is the lake of the ſame name, and which, after a courſe of twelve miles within the ſame property (that of *Penrhyn*) empties itſelf into the *Menai*, near the ruins of *Capel Ogwen*.

The valuable fiſheries in this neighbourhood were, probably, the inducement to build a chapel on this ſpot, the Monks in general being too deeply read in the ſyſtem of Epicurus, to ſuffer the ſuperior flavor of the trout and ſalmon in the Ogwen, to eſcape their attention.

Within the memory of perſons now living, it was cuſtomary for the miniſters of pariſhes near the ſea-ſhore, to attend and read prayers when the nets were laid out, and to receive, at the drawing up, a part of the produce. The late apoſtolic Dr. Wilſon, Biſhop of Man, compoſed a formulary for this purpoſe.

It appears from ſeveral poems of the 14th and 15th centuries, that the principal perſons in the iſle, and on this ſide of Carnarvonſhire, were interred in the monaſtery of *Llanfaes*; and *Gutto 'r Glyn*, in an ode addreſſed to *William Gryffydd*, of *Penrhyn*, about 1450, ſays,

" Ni

Here, too, the Bards, when merit claim'd the meed,
(The ſtrain that gave to other days the deed)
Invok'd the HILL,* the verſe-inſpiring ſpring,
And quitted earth on Rapture's riſing wing;

" Ni weled yn nhai William,
" A Llanfaes, wraig well na hon!"

Llanfaes, nor William's dome, before
Contain'd a dame like her whom we deplore.

And there is ſtill a tradition in the neighbourhood, that the bodies of the deceaſed were depoſited in this chapel till weather and tides permitted to convey them acroſs the *Menai* for interment.

* Snowdon, like the Parnaſſus of the Grecians, was an object of invocation and adoration to the Britons in the earlieſt ages; like that, too, it is bifurcated—has its *Niſſa* and its *Cirrha*. As an inſtance of this, I ſhall ſubjoin the firſt of a ſeries of Triambics *(Englyn Milwr)* each of which concludes with a moral precept, from among the *Epicedia*, or Druidical *Englynion*, collected by *Llowarch hên*, in the ſixth century, and as a ſpecimen of the verſe by which the Druids and Bards inculcated and impreſſed upon the mind of their auditors their oral Ethics—

" Eiry Mynydd, caled grawn,
" Dail ar gychwyn, Llynwyn llawn,
" Nag ymddiried i eſtrawn."

Hill of Snows—the harveſts grow,
The leaves deſcend, the lakes o'erflow,
Put not thy truſt in him thou doſt not know.

Cæſar ſays, that in his time the Druids were the philoſophers of Britain, and that their diſciples were initiated into their myſteries by certain verſes or *pennillion*, which they got by heart, and which were occaſionally ſung by the Bards, to the *crwth* and *harp*.—*Strabo* and *Pliny* mention this, and *A. Marcellinus* ſays, " *Cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantarunt*."—Lib. 15.

During the ages of tumult that followed the extinction of the Druids, a conſiderable alteration took place in our poetry: the Muſe was, for a long period, excluſively occupied by ſcenes of deſolation and ſlaughter, and Courage and Hoſpitality were the only virtues that claimed and had the " meed of ſong."—As the limits of the *Pennill*, or Sonnet, were too confined for ſubjects of this nature, the *Awdwl*, or Ode, was introduced, for the purpoſe of concatenating ſeparate conflicts, the events of a campaign, or the exploits of an inroad.

The ſubjugation of the country, and its conſequent pacification, brought about another material change, and the laſt, in the Britiſh Poetry: The *Bella, horrida bella*, were gradually diſcarded for the events of humble and paſtoral life—the ſtrains of peace, love, and conviviality; the *Pennillion* (thoſe genuine remains of Druidiſm) were reſumed; and, being native effuſions, the ſpontaneous produce of circumſtance and the moment, they will, probably, be preſerved (as has hitherto been the caſe) without the aid of writing, as long as the language exiſts, in which they are ſo peculiar and ſo prominent a feature.—My ſubject points out one of them, which I ſhall inſert—

" Tra

Even now, unknown to cultivating care,
Some *genial plant* may feel this chilling air,
May bud, unſeen, the village oak beneath,
Or bloom, unheeded, on the barren heath:
And though its tints Depreſſion's miſts may ſhroud,
Some beam may yet pervade th' incumbent cloud,
Some friendly hand its glowing dies may ſpread,
And ſhew its bloom on Flora's gayeſt bed.

Sons of the World, from buſy towns and care,
Here greet Hygeia* in untainted air,
Catch from her ſmiles the vivifying flame,
And grateful boaſt a renovated frame.
Here Nature† prides in charms to *you* unknown,
Forms the rare plant,‡ and rears the eagles' throne,
Where Ocean, Man,§ and Mona—boundleſs themes!
Can realiſe ev'n Fancy's wildeſt dreams.

" Tra bo Môn a Môr o 'i deutu,
" Tra bo ddwr yn afon Gonwy,
" Tra bo Farl dan graig y dibyn,
" Cadwaf galon bur i rywun."

While round old *Mona* roll the waves,
While *Arfon's* baſe the Conway laves;
While *Marl** remains beneath yon ſteep,
My conſtant heart for *one*, I'll keep.

* And meet the bracing gale that brings thee—*Health.*

† The public will, probably, in a ſhort time, be gratified with much information reſpecting the interior of this hitherto little-known Alpine tract, by an ingenious and intelligent reſident.

‡ This is a region of novelty and peculiar gratification to the Botaniſt: he will here find moſt of the plants indigenous in the higher regions, and which *Linnæus* claſſes under the word *Æthereæ*, while the *myrica gale*, or wild myrtle, frequently perfumes, with its agreeable odours, the ſcene of his reſearches.

§ The Iſles of Man and Angleſey, the Iriſh ſea, and in clear weather the coaſts of Lancaſhire, Cumberland, and the eaſtern ſhores of Ireland, are diſtinctly ſeen from theſe exalted ſummits.

* A manſion-houſe in Creuddyn.

Here, rivers ruſhing from the upland lake,
With diſtant roar on rural ſtillneſs break;
Now flow, ſerene, the placid currents creep,
Now roll, terrific, from the threat'ning ſteep;
While rills, unnumber'd, fill the fluid train,
And proudly roll with Ogwen to the main.

Here, Cambria ſtill can trace the friendly TOWER,*
One watchful guardian in her dangerous hour,
To check the inroad—to avert the blow—
And ſhield her Mona from the faithleſs foe!

When Autumn fills with waving gold the field,
And Mona's buſy ſons the ſickle wield,
They fix the penſive look, and cautious pry
Where FRANCON'S† varying aſpect leads the eye,
And, from the boding frown or feature gay,
The valued hours employ—direct the day.

Thus, when at eve the piſcatory train
Survey, with longing eye, the teeming main—

* The ridge of Snowdonia is a natural rampire, running in rather a bent line from ſea to ſea, with two rivers for a moat at the back of it, which fall into the ſea, one at Traeth Mawr, the other at Conway, as if Nature had deſigned Angleſey for the ſeat of ſovereignty, and Art had likewiſe lent her aid in ſecuring the paſſes or avenues leading through them, as Deganwy on the Conwy, Caerhûn on the paſs of Bwlch y ddau-faen, and a fort at Aber; Dolyddelen caſtle, and this *watch tower* in *Nant Franco*; Dôlbadern caſtle in Nant Peris, and Cedom in Nant Tall y llyn; and on the broad paſs of Traeth mawr the caſtles of Harlech and Criccieth, a tower at Caſail Gyfarch, and a fort at Dôl benmaen.—*Rowland's Mona.*

† *Nant Francon*; or, as conjecture ſays, *Nant yr Afanc* (the Dale of Beavers) is the valley wherein is ſituated Lord Penrhyn's celebrated ſlate quarry. The mountains towards the upper part of it approach ſo near to each other, that they ſtrongly attract the clouds, which, diſcharging their liquid burden around the ſummits, frequently deluge, with torrents of rain, the plains below; and ſo ſure a prognoſtic of approaching wet weather in Angleſey is deemed rain in *Nant Francon*, that the iſlanders humorouſly call it the *Devil's Kitchen.*

As leads the floating bird,* the porpoiſe rolls,
They view the ſurface-animating ſhoals;
And Man, the finny foe, with cormorant wiſh,
Inſatiate graſps, *in thought*, the ocean's fiſh;
Anticipates the morn with anxious care,
And ſpreads along the ſhore the meſhy ſnare.

And here the Rock† diſplays its azure hue,
And feeds, with maſſy ſides, the mining crew,
While Penrhyn cheriſhes the buſy hive,
And bids the dormant region‡ be alive;
Decks, with a new Emporium,§ Menai's ſhores,
While all the winds of Heaven diſperſe its ſtores.

* The Herring Gull, Fuſcus *(Gwylan gefn-ddu)* the never-failing harbinger of a ſhoal of herrings or mackarel; and an object of particular regard and veneration with the fiſhermen.

Dafydd ap Gwilym, invoking the White Gull *(Canus)* as his meſſenger to his beloved *Morfydd*, poetically calls her the ſea lily—

" Law-law a mi, lili môr."

† Slate quarry; the center of this improved, and improving neighbourhood.

Within a ſhort diſtance of the quarry is that neat pavilion, that Eden of the mountains, *Ogwen Bank*; the plantations that ſcreen it, and the flowers that adorn it, are ſurpriſing and exemplary proofs of the power of cultivation, however forbidding the face of Nature:—'tis an acre of *Tempe*, among the rocks of *Norway!*

The curious and contemplative obſerver of the ſublimities of Nature will be happy to hear, that Lord Penrhyn has rendered acceſſible, even to carriages, the very centre of *Eryri*, by a continuation of the road through the romantic vale of *Nant Francon* to *Capel Curig*, where his Lordſhip has built a neat and convenient inn, delightfully ſituated. From this ſpot the receſſes of Snowdonia may be traverſed at leiſure, and with the ſatisfaction of having within reach (what had long been wiſhed for) the noon-day repaſt, and the evening retirement.—*Vide Ap.*

‡ The inſulated and novel neatneſs of *Llandegai*, contraſted with the neighbouring pariſhes, is aſtoniſhing; renovated *Penrhyn*, the plantations, improved roads, new farm-houſes and cottages, and the animation which pervades it from the port and the quarry, produce a *tout enſemble* that ſeems enchantment—the creation of a few years, and of one public-ſpirited individual.

§ *Aber Cegin* (Port Penrhyn) an inlet, formed by the egreſs of the *Cegin* into the *Menai*, and converted by Lord Penrhyn into a commodious harbour, capable of admitting and ſecuring veſſels of three hundred

To ſpread a wider harveſt o'er the plain,
And rear the hardy oak that rules the main;
To hail, from every clime, the freighted gale,
And, with a richer verdure, clothe the vale;
To ope the mountain's womb, the vein to trace,
And crowd its ſurface with the fleecy race;
To give the ſhuttle's ſpeed an added wing,
And bid a realm with grateful voices ring:
Theſe are the Arts that form the Patriot's plan,
The godlike Arts that dignify the Man—
There *are* the truly Great,* who nobly bend
Their bliſsful efforts to the happieſt end,
Who, Heaven-directed, uſe—exert their powers,
And give to Britain's weal Life's tranſient hours.
For theſe, O Fame! thy trump with fervor fill,
And let the laſting tones be ſweet and ſhrill.

Abode of native Chiefs, of Bards the theme,
Here Princely PENRHYN† ſoars above the ſtream,

dred tons burthen. It is ſaid that his Lordſhip has it in contemplation to cut a canal from the ſlate quarry to this port, with the laudable view of transferring to the uſe of man the produce of a fertile and cultivated diſtrict, now principally and neceſſarily conſumed by horſes.

* The ſupporters of works of public utility in different parts of the kingdom, proprietors of the *Amlwch* and other mines, the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Penrhyn, Sir John Sinclair, Meſſrs. Wilkinſon of Brymbo, Reynolds of Ketley, Wedgewoods of Etruria, Arkwright of Mancheſter, &c. Men, whoſe mental powers, exertions, and avocations, ages to come—a world of improved intellect, will contemplate with a grateful ſatisfaction; Men, who, in their extenſive uſefulneſs, may truly be ranked among the ſaviours of nations, and the benefactors of mankind; and who, though moſt of them childleſs, are, in their ſpirit of enterpriſe, giving the *daily bread* to the thouſands of others, and at the ſame time creating the inexhauſtible ſources that will employ and ſupport the unborn millions of poſterity!

† *Penrhyn* was the reſidence of *Roderic Molwynog*, Prince of Wales in 720, and of ſeveral ſucceeding Princes, till 1230, when *Llewelyn* the Great, dignified *Iarddur ap Trahaearn*,* with the office of Great

* The Lloyds, of *Cefn Meriadog*, are among the few of the deſcendants of Iarddur, who bear his paternal coat from *Cynedda wledig*, or the Illuſtrious; *Sable, three roſes argent, ſeeded proper*; moſt of them bearing his honorary addition, as Great Forester of Snowdon, *Gules, a chevron ermine between three bucks' heads, caboſhed argent.*

Foreſter

And, Phœnix like, in riſing ſplendor dreſt,
Towers o'er its wide domain with regal creſt.

Foreſter of Snowdon; and, at the ſame time, with the liberality of a Prince, beſtowed upon him the whole hundred of *Llechwedd ucha.*

Eva, daughter and heireſs of *Gryffydd*, fourth in deſcent from *Iarddur*, afterwards conveyed this property into the family of the celebrated *Ednyfed Fychan*, by her marriage with *Gryffydd ap Heylin, ap Sir Tudur, ap Ednyfed Fychan*, and a Bard of 1450, ſpeaking of the then reſident, adds,

" Un llin a i Frenhin fu 'r ach."

His deſcent is the ſame as that of his ſovereign.

And *Rhys Goch o Eryri*, alluding to the houſe of *Penrhyn*, then recently rebuilt, ſays

" Deler ————————
" ———— i 'r neuadd dêg,
" Yno, yr uchel welir
" Niſer doeth, a Nêf ar dir."

Come ————————
———— to the fair hall,
Where the exalted, and the wiſe collected,
Form a Heaven upon earth.

So attentive at this time (Hen. VI) was the court of England to the conduct of the Cambrian Chieftains, and ſo irritating its politics, that *William Gryffydd*, of this place, was honored with the office of Chamberlain of North Wales, and made a Denizen of England, on condition of not marrying one of his countrywomen; and he was accordingly united to Alice, daughter and heireſs of Sir Richard Dalton, of Apthorne, in Northamptonſhire.

It appears, from a poem by *Lewis Môn*, that *Sir William Gryffydd*, cotemporary with Hen. VIII. attended that Prince to the ſiege of Boulogne in France, and, poſſeſſing a very large property, lived in a ſtyle of magnificent hoſpitality; it was no wonder, therefore, that the pre-eminent ſplendor of this houſe was a favorite theme of the Cambrian Muſe—

" Nid ty, nid neuadd, ond hon."

No houſe, no hall, *but this.*

We ought to be obliged (ſays Rowlands in his *Mona Antiqua*) to the generous care and induſtry of that very worthy, and juſtly-celebrated perſon, *Sir William Gryffydd*, of *Penrhyn*, Knight and Chamberlain of North Wales: we owe to him the preſervation of our valuable and uſeful records then juſt periſhing, which he cauſed to be fairly written in two large parchment books, one of which called the Extent of N. Wales, is now in the Chamberlain's office, the other in that of the Auditor, in London.

Piers Gryffydd, grand nephew to *Sir William*, ſailed from Beaumaris in April, 1588, in his own ſhip, properly fitted out for war, and, joining Sir Francis Drake, divided with other patriots and heroes the glory of defeating the armada of Spain; but, dying without male iſſue, the line of *Gryffydd* of *Penrhyn* became extinct, but that of *Cochwillan*, from the ſame origin, flouriſhed in ſeveral branches in the county.—

From

Here, Cambria opes her tome of other days,
And, with maternal pride, the page diſplays—

From that reſident at Conway, was Dr. John Williams, Lord Keeper and Archbiſhop of York, who, in 1620, again united the eſtates of *Penrhyn* and *Cochwillan*; of this line alſo was *William ap Gryffydd, ap Robin*, who, at the battle of Boſworth, at the head of a troop of horſe of his own retinue, had his ſhare in the honor of placing his relation, Henry VII. on the throne of England.

The Archbiſhop dying in 1649 without iſſue, left his large property to his nephew, *Gryffydd Williams*, created a Bart. in 1661. *Sir Gryffydd* was father of 19 children between ſix of whom (ſons) he divided by will, in 1663, a prodigious eſtate,* nearly a third of the county of Carnarvon. On the deceaſe of his eldeſt ſon, Sir *Robert Williams*, Bart. *Penrhyn* and *Cochwillan*, with their dependencies, became the property of his three daughters and co-heireſſes; Frances married Lord Edward Ruſſel, ſon of the Duke of Bedford; Anne, Thomas Warburton, of Winnington, in the county of Cheſter, Eſq.; and Gwen, Sir Walter Yonge, of Eſcot, in Devonſhire, Bart. Lady Edward Ruſſel dying without iſſue, his Lordſhip liberally reſigned his portion of the eſtate, in favour of the ſurviving ſiſters:—by a peculiar good fortune, this compact property is again united in the perſons of its noble poſſeſſors; John Pennant, Eſq.† (father of Lord Penrhyn) having purchaſed of the Yonge family, their moiety; and Lady Penrhyn enjoying the other in her own right, as daughter and ſole heireſs of General Warburton.

Here is ſtill preſerved an elegant, and perhaps the only ſpecimen of the *Hirlas*, or antient drinking horn—

Fill with *Mead* the *Hirlas* high,
Nor let a ſoul this day be dry;
The hall reſounds—the triumph rings—
And ev'ry bard the conflict ſings.
Ednyfed's trophied ſhield diſplays
Themes of glory—themes of praiſe—
A lion, in the tented field—
A lamb, when vanquiſh'd heroes yield.
Ednyfed! braveſt of the brave!
His name ſhall live beyond the grave!—*Vide note, page* 14.

During the late improvements, the chapel (like that of our Lady of Loretto) exchanged its former ſituation in the court of caſtellated *Penrhyn*, for a grove at a few yards diſtance; and though under the guidance of *mortal agency only*, its flight has been directed by judgment, and it has reſted ſcientifically.

At a ſhort diſtance ſouth from *Penrhyn* is *Llandegai*, whoſe patron (*Tegai*) was brother to *Llechid*, patroneſs of the adjoining pariſh.—The church is a neat croſs ſtructure, with a tower riſing from the central angles, and pleaſantly ſituated upon an eminence above the *Ogwen*; from here the maſs of mountains appear with a curvature, and,

* Faenol, Pen 'r allt, Penrhyn, Cochwillan, Weeg, Tynawr, that in Conway, Marl, Arianws, Maes y caſtell, &c. with their appendages, property extending from the confines of Carnarvon to Conway, and including a great part of Creuddyn and Llechwedd iſa.

† Deſcended from Tudor Treſor, Earl of March and Hereford, founder of the Tribe of March, anceſtor of the Viſcounts Hampden and Dungannon, Sir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart. &c.

ſloping

Dwells on the glorious liſt, and loves to trace
From Britain's genuine* Kings—her nobleſt race.

Now Nature ſoft'ning, from the Carnedd† bends,
And gently to the humbler dale deſcends,

ſloping to the ſhore, in the milder features of fertility, terminate abruptly in the promontory of *Llan Dudno.*

Within the church is a mural monument to the memory of Archbiſhop Williams, and it is remarkable that his monody by *Gryffydd Phylip* concludes with the well-known expreſſion of Shakeſpeare, tho' it is not in the leaſt probable that *Gryffydd* had ever ſeen a line written by the Bard of Avon—

" Fyth weled ei fâth eilwaith."

We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

The following lines are an extract from a neat little poem, written on ſeeing his monument, and preſerved in vol. 6. of Dodſley's Miſcell.

" Cambria, for him, with moans her region fills,
" She wept his downfall from a thouſand hills;
" Tender—embrac'd her prelate, tho' undone,
" Stretch'd out the mother rocks to hide her ſon:
" Search'd, while alive, each vale for his repaſt,
" And, when he died, receiv'd him in her breaſt.
" Envied Ambition! what are all thy ſchemes
" But waking miſery or pleaſing dreams."

* " All hail! ye genuine Kings, Britannia's iſſue hail!"—*Gray.*

† *Carnedd Llewelyn.* Upon the ſummit of this mountain, this rival of Snowdon, (for there is but 16 yards difference in their altitude) it is ſuppoſed that *Llewelyn ap Iorwerth* was encamped, at that deſperate criſis when King John, with a great army, was in the plains below, and Bangor blazing, and from whence he ſent his Princeſs (Joan) to her father, to make a peace.—*Vide note, p.* 12.

Rhys Goch, o Eryri, addreſſing this hill about 1420, ſays

" Yna gorwedd Rhitta gawr."

There reſts the giant *Rhitta.*

Rhitta, according to the Bardic mythology, was the terror of the petty tyrants of his time, and is ſaid to have ordered a robe to be made of the *beards* of ſeveral of them whom he had ſlain in battle.

Rhys Goch, though ſaid to be penſioned by the Engliſh court, was ſecretly a favorer of his cotemporary chieftain, *Glyndwr,* and with that view occaſionally delivered himſelf, like the *Python* of old, in the language of ambiguity and equivoque.

The uncommon Snowdonia, ſo denominated like the Armenian Niphates, and the Tartarian Imaus, from its ſnowy ſummits, conſiſts of ſuch a variety of mineral ſubſtances, as to render it impoſſible to give them a diſtinctive character, as they begin ſo high as the Calcareous, and deſcend ſo low in the ſyſtem as the ſofteſt Argile. The prevailing ſtrata,

Alternate ſpreads the ſaline ſheet or ſands,
And checks the waves with Aber's* lengthen'd ſtrands;

ſtrata, however, whereof the higheſt ſummits from the Conway to Snowdon are compoſed, conſiſt of Petro Silex, Grey Granite, Slate, Shattery, Schiſtus, intermixed with rich veins of metallic ſubſtances and Quartz-ſpar; of the latter, *Llanberis* mine produces a remarkable kind, being of a bright ruby. The intelligent mineralogiſt will, of courſe, be highly delighted by his ramble over theſe romantic hills; but, however imperative their claims may be upon him, it is hoped he will not overlook thoſe of the leſs aſpiring, but not leſs deſerving, Angleſey. The amaſing diverſity of ſubſtances which that Britiſh wonder and King of mines (Parys Mountain) produces, will highly gratify his mind: But let not his thirſt for knowledge be therewith ſatiated, as every mile he travels along the coaſt or through the interior of this extraordinary iſland, will amply reward his labor, by an almoſt infinite variety of ſpecimens.

* In this village, equi-diſtant from Bangor and Conway, and nearly ſo from the royal houſes of *Aberffraw* and *Maeſmynnan*, our Princes had a temporary reſidence, adjoining to an artificial mount called the *Mwd*. —At the extremity of a pictureſque glen, is a fine cataract, which is worth the deviation of a mile from this village to ſee.

" And when the Prince *(Llewelyn ap Gryffydd)* had paſſed through all South Wales, he retired to his *houſe* at *Aber*, between Bangor and Conway."—*Powell*, 325.

Llewelyn, during his progreſs through the ſouth, was inveſted with the regalia of the province of Glamorgan, by *Morgan*, Lord of *Avan*, grandſon of *Ieſtyn ap Gwrgant*, Prince of that country; afterwards *Howell ap Meredydd*, nephew to *Morgan*, having been diſpoſſeſſed of his patrimony by Clare, Earl of Glouceſter (one of the free-booters of that period) retired into North Wales, where *Llewelyn*, in return for the attachment of his family, gave him lands.—*P. G.* MSS.

Of theſe lands, the demain of *Perfeddgoed* is probably a part; the reſident family having poſſeſſed it from a very remote period, bear the arms of *Ieſtyn—Gules, three chevronels argent*, and is the only family (that of Arthur of Bangor being extinct) in this part of Wales, deſcended from him.——From *Ieſtyn* alſo was *Gwladdus*, wife of *Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor*, Founder of the Abby of Vale Crucis, near *Llangollen*.

Llewelyn ap Gryffydd having defeated a detachment of the forces of Edward I. which had landed on *Traeth y Lafan*, compoſed, during the feſtivity of the evening at *Aber*, the following *englyn*:

" Maen 'n don llawer bron, llu 'r Brenhin, heddyw,
" Er hawdded ein chwerthin;
" Llawer Sais, leu-bais libin,
" Heb air, na chwyth, fyth o 'i fin."

This is the firſt inſtance known of the perfect *cynghanedd* (concord) in the *englyn* or ſonnet. This beauty in Welſh verſe made its firſt appearance in the 10th century, and was, for ſeveral ages, making a gradual advancement towards perfection, which it firſt attained to in this *englyn*, though it was not enjoined as an indiſpenſable requiſite of verſe, till about the year 1400.

The paſſage along the ſands to Beaumaris ferry is through this village

Here looks at Claude with eye benign and mild,

lage *(Aber)* and the diſtance about four miles. Edward of Carnarvon iſſued an order to Robert Power, Chamberlain of North Wales, to inquire into the condition of the boat, and, if repairable, to get it done at the expence of the bailiwick; if otherwiſe, to get a new one built at the King's charge. It ſeems, that previous to the 4th Eliz. (when it was granted to the corporation) the people of Beaumaris paid annually thirty ſhillings into the Exchequer, for the privilege of a ferry; then, and till of late years, plying below the Green.—*Sebright's MSS.*

In the *P. G.* MSS there is the following *englyn*, by *Dafydd Nanmor*, tranſlated by the Rev. Mr. Williams of Beaumaris, in 1669.

" Yn nydd, y Lloer newydd, ar naw—o 'r glôch,
" Y gwlych y llanw eithaw;
" Y llawn ddydd, y llanw a ddaw
" I 'r nôd, lle bu 'r newidiaw."

" At nine o'clock of Luna's change,
" 'Tis full ſea on the ſhore;
" And, on the day that Luna's full,
" 'Tis full ſea the ſame hour."

This, though calculated for *Traeth Mawr*, is equally uſeful here, only bearing in mind that *Lafan* is *one hour* later.

The landing place in Angleſey is the *point* antiently called *Penrhyn Safnes*, and afterwards *Oſmund's Air*, from a malefactor of that name, who, on his way to the fatal tree, ſaid he was going to *take the air!*

It is honorable to old Mona, and ought to be recorded, that in the eighteenth century there was an interval of near forty years without an execution.

In 1648, Sir John Owen, of *Clenennau*, was beſieging General Mytton in the caſtle of Carnarvon, but, hearing that the Colonels (Carter and Twiſleton) were on their march to relieve it, he left the town with a detachment of his troops, and, meeting them on *Talar hir*, near this place *(Aber)* was defeated and taken priſoner, but was afterwards ſaved by ſomething like a miracle (the generoſity of General Ireton, Cromwell's ſon-in-law) though his fellow priſoners, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Holland, were both executed. Sir John was a deſcendant from *Hwfa ap Cynddelw*, Lord of *Llifon*, Great Steward of North Wales, cotemporary with *Owen Gwynedd*, and Founder of one of the Fifteen Tribes: it was the high and peculiar privilege of this chieftain and his heirs, to place the coronet on the Prince's head, after his inauguration by his firſt chaplain, the Biſhop of Bangor; his place of reſidence was *Preſaddfed*, fifth in deſcent, and from his eldeſt ſon was the famous *Howel y Pedolau*, (or of the horſe-ſhoes) ſo called from his being able to ſtraighten horſe-ſhoes with the bare hands.

Dafydd Treſor, in 1483, in his ode to the warriors of the world *(dewrion byd)* thus mentions this prodigy of ſtrength, and *Howel y Fwyall—(Vide note, p. 11.)*

" Mae Howel y pedolau!
" A 'r llall, a 'r gron fwyall grau!
" Oes a edwyn, ſyw ydych,
" Bridd y rhain, rhag pridd y rhych!

Howel

There ſtares at Roſa * like a maniac wild.

Howel the ſtrong! even he is low,
He, too, that dealt the deadly blow,
Who now (though Pallas hail'd his birth)
Can tell their duſt from common earth?

Of the deſcendants of *Hwfa*, the branch of *Bodeon*, is repreſented by Sir Hugh Owen, Bart. of Orielton, in Pembrokeſhire, and the united families of *Chwaen hên Tryſtelwyn* and *Llanddyfnan*, by J. G. Lewis, Eſq.; by heirs female, the families of *Llyſdulas* and *Cemlyn* are repreſented by W. L. Hughes, Eſq.; thoſe of *Penrhôs* and *Chwaen wen*, by J. T. Stanley, Eſq.; the Bolds of *Tre 'r ddôl*, by O. P. Meyrick, Eſq.; the family of *Tre lorwerth*, by the Rev. H. W. Jones; and that of *Clenennau*, by ——— Ormſby, Eſq. of Porkington.—*Hwfa ap Cynddelw* bore *Gules, a chevron between three lions rampant or.*

Cotemporary with *Hwfa* was *Carwed*, Lord of *Twrcelyn*, who, with his ſon *Tegeryn*, are recorded to have greatly ſignaliſed themſelves in the ſeveral conflicts in and near *Coed Eulo*, in the county of Flint, in the war of 1157, between *Owen Gwynedd* and Hen. II. in one of which *Henry de Eſſex*, Hereditary Standard Bearer of England, and a man of tried valour, panic ſtruck, threw down the banner and fled, crying out "the king is killed!" But Henry giving his order for retreat, from an eminence ſtill called *Bryn dychwelwch* (Hill of return) rallied his army, and eventually reached a ſtation of ſecurity.

From this chieftain, diſtinguiſhed in the annals of his country, the deſcendants are, the families of *Llwydarth*, *Cors yr eira*, and *Bodnod*: the firſt repreſented by the infant ſon of the late Thomas Lloyd, Eſq.; the ſecond, by John Price, of Wern, Eſq. High Sheriff of Angleſey; and the third (maternally) by the iſſue of John Forbes, Eſq.

From *Carwed* likewiſe were the extinct branches of *Maen y Driw*, *Madynduſw*, and *Brwynog*, and of this laſt was that reſpectable and intelligent votary of the muſes, *Sion Brwynog*.

As armorial enſigns, *Carwed* bore *Sable, an oak proper fructed or, the ſtem croſſed by two arrows ſaltierwiſe, pointed upwards.—Tegeryn ap Carwed—Or, a falcon ſurgerant azure*; and his deſcendants bear *this* as their paternal coat, but continue to quarter that of *Carwed*.

At this period (one of the brighteſt in our hiſtory) an extenſive diſtrict of the iſland was in the poſſeſſion of *Cadrod Hardd*, Lord of *Talybolion*; an alluſion to the power of this chief, and *Llowarch ap Brân* (vide note, p. 25) is the following line, in a poem addreſſed to *Owen ap Hugh*, of *Bodeon*, Eſq.:

"Llowarch, Cadrod, alluog."—*Lewis Menai.*

Llowarch, Cadrod, the powerful.

Cadrod dwelt at *Bodafon*, and his deſcendants, within the iſland, are the Williamſes ſtill reſident at that place, the Williamſes of *Tyfry*, and the Rev. T. E. Owen, Rector of *Llandyfrydog*, of the branch of *Ucheldref*; out of it, Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. and Watkin Williams of *Penbedw*, Eſq. from that of *Nantanog*: their paternal coat from *Cadrod*, is—*Argent, two foxes counter-ſaliant proper.*

* *Snowdon, Cader Idris*, and other impreſſive features on the Cambrian countenance, have been rendered familiar even to untravelled eyes, by the admired pencil of a Wilſon: others will probably be ſo, by that of a native artiſt, Mr. Pugh.

Cadrod

Tremendous PENMAEN!* there old Ocean braves,
And ſoars, inſulting, o'er ſubjected waves,
Where erſt, on pendant paths, 'twixt ſea and ſkies,
Scar'd Wonder oft has open'd *all* her eyes,
And wary Fear, beneath the frightful ſteep,
Has taught the cautious traveller to creep.
But now Sylveſter, with ſuperior ſkill,
Has led the terrace o'er the ſtubborn hill,
And bade the hidden arch its aid impart
To manage Nature—by the wiles of Art.
Here, on his country every Muſe ſhall call,
To bid his fame with PENMAEN *only* fall;

Cadrod was brother to *Santhe Hardd* (or the handſome) Lord of Morton. *Ynyr* of *Iâl*, third in deſcent from *Santhe*, was rewarded by *Owen Gwynedd* with the townſhip of *Gelligynan*, for his bravery at the battle of *Corwen*; the Prince, at the ſame time dipping his four fingers in the blood of the fallen foe, drew them along the ſhield of *Ynyr*, forming thereby the coat blazoned by the words *Paly of eight, or and gules*. From *Ynyr* were the Lloyds of *Bôd Idris*, in *Iâl*, Barts. repreſented (maternally) by Sir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart.; nor ſhould *this* honorable addition to the enſigns of *Ynyr* be omitted in the quarterings of that family.

* In 1772, John Sylveſter undertook to accompliſh what had hitherto been looked upon as impracticable, but his perſeverance and abilities, and a parliamentary aid (at once generous and judicious) has produced a road that will be the admiration of future ages—the nobleſt terrace in the Britiſh iſles.

On the old road (which may ſtill be traced by the attentive obſerver) a great number of accidents are ſaid to have happened, ſome of them fatal; others, eſcapes little ſhort of miraculous. On the ſummit of this protruding and immenſe maſs, the antiquary will find himſelf among the ruins of an extenſive, though irregular, Britiſh fortification, that, from its ſituation, muſt have been impregnable, and, famine excepted, invincible.—He will likewiſe find himſelf elevated 1545 feet, or 515 yards, above the ſands, according to the altitude taken by Mr. Caſwell, at the requeſt of Mr. Flamſtead, the aſtronomer.

It appears from a poem by *Sir Dafydd Owen*,

(" Cywydd yſpeilwyr Meudwy 'r Penmaen Mawr.")

that in Henry VIII.'s time, there reſided on or near this rock, the Hermit of *Penmaen*.

The poem relates the robbery of the hermit, by *Thomas Goch* and his aſſociates, and concludes with an inventory (moſt humorouſly told) of the *good things* found in this *cell* of *mortification* and *pennance*.

To bid the grateful obeliſk to riſe,
And tell his merits to ſucceeding eyes;
Where now the ſtranger ſees, without diſmay,
The cliff ſuſpended, and the ſurges play.

Lo! Conway* ſtill, in plaintive ſtrain, renews
The woeful day that hapleſs Cambria rues,
When o'er the frowning brow that crowns the flood,
The hoary Bard, with looks of horror, ſtood—

* "On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
"Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood."—*Gray.*

Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, in 1185, founded here a Ciſtercian Abbey, and endowed it with large poſſeſſions and great privileges. In 1240, his remains were interred here, and the grateful brotherhood incloſed them in that moſt invulnerable of all envelopes—a *Monk's Cowl.*—"It was then made to beleeve by the moonks and friers, that that ſtrange weed was a ſure defenſe betwixt their ſoules and hell, howſoever they died."—*Powell.*

My limits not permitting me to ſay more reſpecting Conway, fertile in events, and ſurrounded by local beauties, I ſhall conclude with a quotation—

"Cywydd i Gaſtell Conwy."

Ode to the Caſtle of Conway, by *Rhys Teganwy*, in 1480.

"P' le dan gêl bu 'r fâd ſelen
"O Rôs? ymha ffôs ei phen?
"Na fuaſai 'n fyw i oſod,
"Ar Iorwerth, iw nerth ei nôd;
"A chadarn edrych arno,
"Er rhoi gloes drwy dwll rhyw glo;
"Cyn iddo 'r ci anaddwyn,
"A 'i fawr fôſt yn dôſt ein dwyn
"Dan ei ormes; afles oedd
"Du iw lîd mal diawl ydoedd;
"Cyn yngod cwyno angau
"Llewelyn, y mwynddyn mau.

Where had the ſcaly Monſter* ſlept?
Into what cautious cavern crept?
And why not here with aſpect dread
To lay its claws on Edward's head,
When o'er the proſtrate ſuffering land
The tyger ſtretch'd his iron hand.
O hadſt thou (of peſtiferous breath)
But eyed him from the den of death,
Ere yet had dawn'd the woeful day,
When low on earth *Llewelyn*† lay.

* *Y fad felan* (the yellow fever) at this time raged in Europe: *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, (*ſee note, p.* 22) who had taken refuge in the church of *Llanrhos*, is ſaid to have fallen by the glance of a Baſilisk——the diſeaſe perſonified.

† *Llewelyn ap Gryffydd.*

Struck, deeply ſtruck, the ſorrows of his lyre,
And ills unborn pourtray'd with prophet's fire—
Fix'd on the flowing ſtream the frantic ſtare,
And gave his tortur'd boſom to deſpair;
Then ruſh'd from Life's accumulated woes,
And in the pitying waters found repoſe.

Again, ſee PRIESTHOLM* rear its rocky ſides,
And ſwell ſerenely from ſurrounding tides,
Firm, to the billowy rage, its front diſplay,
And form a road† to Wygir's‡ friendly *Bay;*
For when the ſtorm impels the hurried waves,
Diſturbs the deep, and on its ſurface raves—
The ſhatter'd veſſel to the rock devotes,
Thy bulwark, Britain, here in ſafety floats!

Eye, Muſe, the crowded iſle—its cliffs how gay,
While gazing *ſtrangers* thro' its wonders ſtray,
They view, with Terror's eye, the ſhelving ſteep,
And, daring Man,§ look down upon the deep;

* Vide page 2.

† The ſound, formed by the two iſlands, the ſafe and common paſſage into the bay.

‡ The antient name of the bay or harbour of Beaumaris, which, in caſe of a gale from the north, eaſt, or intermediate points, is the refuge of veſſels navigating the Iriſh ſea, having ſeven fathoms water at the loweſt ebb.

§ The iſle is about a mile long, its ſides one continued precipice, and inacceſſible except at the weſt end, and there with difficulty.

——————" How fearful
" And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
" The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
" Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
" Hangs one who gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!"—*Shakeſpeare.*

The hazardous method practiſed here, and at the oppoſite rocks of *Llan Dudno,* of gathering the rock ſamphire *(crithmum maritimum)* ſuſpended over the cliffs in a rope, Shakeſpeare might well deſcribe as a *dreadful trade.*

The murmuring Puffins* to their ſhelter crowd—
The living ſurface†—and the feather'd cloud‡—
The ambient waters—and the general ſcream—
For *novel* Nature ſeems to *them* a dream.

Now DAY's bright beams to weſtern waves retire,
And Thetis hails again light's radiant Sire.
We leave the iſle—and homeward point the prow,
And now the bark proceeds ſerene and ſlow,
While babbling Echo from the cavern'd ſhores,
Repeats the daſhing of the laboring oars;
And, pleas'd with Arfon's mimic voice, prolongs
The laugh-approving, and repeated ſongs.
And now, alternate, on diſtended ſails,
The breathing air, or genial breeze prevails—
Plays on the ſurface, and at eve reſtores
The mirthful group to Mona's greeting ſhores:
The DAY is clos'd—the fluttering ſails are furl'd—
And Night, in ſhade and ſtillneſs, folds the world!

* Æſacus, the ſon of Priam and Alyxothoë, attempting to drown himſelf for the death of his ſweetheart (the nymph of Heſperia) was changed by Thetis into a *Puffin*.

Theſe birds (Puffin Auks) annually make their appearance here in the beginning of April, lay one egg, often on the bare rock, but generally in burrows formed by the males, or in others from which they have ejected the rabbits. The males and females ſit alternately, relieving each other at intervals, for the purpoſe of procuring food; about the middle of Auguſt they remigrate, previous to which a great number of the young are taken, pickled, and incloſed in ſmall caſks for ſale, forming together with the large oyſters (vide note, p. 13.) an article of traffic peculiar to this neighbourhood.

† The ſurface being generally a rabbit warren, ſeems animated.

‡ The various aquatic birds, Gulls, Razorbills, Guillemots, Corvorants, Puffins, &c. when diſturbed, riſe in ſuch numbers as to have this appearance; at the ſame time filling the air with a loud and moſt diſſonant mixture of notes.

APPENDIX.

THE following particulars of the riſing which took place in Angleſey, in 1648, and the taking of the caſtle *(vide note, p. 13)* by General Mytton, is nearly verbatim from the MS of the Rev. Mr. Williams, ſchool-maſter, of Beaumaris, in 1669.

In the beginning of 1648, the good people of the land, groaning under the oppreſſions of a rebellious parliament and army, reſolved upon ſome attempts to ſet the King at liberty (then a priſoner in the caſtle of Cariſbrook, in the Iſle of Wight) and to vindicate themſelves from ſlavery and tyranny, whereupon several riſings broke out: the Kentiſh men, under Goring, Earl of Norwich; Eſſex men, under Lucas and Liſle; thoſe of South Wales, under Langhorne, Powell, and Poyer; North Wales, under Sir John Owen; and the Scots, under the Duke of Hamilton; therefore the iſlanders of Angleſey having as good claim to their King, and being as deſirous of their antient liberties under monarchy as any of their fellow-ſubjects, would not be backward in their endeavors for a reſtoration, and ſo took up arms under Thomas Lord Bulkeley, Col. Richard Bulkeley (his ſon) and other worthy gentlemen of the country; with whom joined Captain Thomas Symkys, governor of Beaumaris caſtle, and all the garriſon except ſome few private ſoldiers. It was thought fit, by a council of war, that a declaration ſhould be drawn, to which all the iſlanders, from 16 to 60, ſhould ſubſcribe, for the better cementing the gentry, commonalty, and ſoldiers, together, and for manifeſting their loyal principles to the world; but by what fate, I know not, the penning of this declaration was referred to two miniſters, Mr. Michael Evans, chaplain to Lord Bulkeley, and Mr. Robert Morgan, rector of *Llanddyfnan*, who had ſkill enough to draw it in high ſwelling words and bitter language, and ſubtletie ſufficient to impoſe it upon a well-meaning gentry and ſoldiery, yet wanted diſcretion to pen it in that wary way, and prudent ſtyle, as the ſtate of affairs, at that time, did require: it followeth in theſe words—" WE, the inhabitants of the Iſle of Angleſey, whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, after mature conſideration, and hearty invocation of the name of God for directions and aſſiſtance, do remonſtrate and declare to our fellow-ſubjects and neighbours whom it may concern, That we having, according to our bounden duty and allegiance, preſerved the ſaid iſland, in due obedience to our moſt dread ſovereign, Lord King Charles, during the time of this inteſtine war and rebellion, and, by God's bleſſing upon our careful endeavours, defended the ſame until the enemy had over-maſtered the whole kingdom (a few ſtrong holds only excepted) this being the only county of England or Wales, for two months together kept

entire, under his Majeſty's authority and command; and being then, through the vaſt number of men and horſe threatened to be poured in upon us (finding no poſſible expectance of relief) enforced to ſubmit to the then prevailing power; do now, out of conſcience towards God, and loyalty towards his anointed, with all humbleneſs proſtrate ourſelves, our lives and fortunes, at his Majeſty's feet, reſolving, with the utmoſt expoſal of all that we are or have, to preſerve the ſaid iſland, together with the caſtle and houlds therein, in due obedience to his ſacred Majeſty, his heirs and lawful ſucceſſors, againſt all rebellious oppoſers and invaders whatſoever; and do alſo, with ſincerity of heart, profeſs that we will, according to our ſeveral degrees, places and callings, maintain the true Proteſtant religion by law eſtabliſhed, his Majeſty's royal prerogative, the known laws of the land, juſt privileges of parliament, together with our own and fellow-ſubjects' legal properties and liberties. And we alſo do further declare and proteſt, that we ſhall and will account all thoſe that do, or ſhall ſtand, in oppoſition hereunto, to be enemies and traitors to their King and country, and accordingly to be proceeded againſt, being moſt ready to contribute our beſt abilities for their reducement, and reinſtating of one gracious ſovereign (who hath long endured the tyranny and oppreſſion of his barbarous and bloody enemies) to his rights, dominions, and dignity, according to the ſplendour of his moſt illuſtrious progenitors. Given under our hands the 14th day of July, 1648.

SUBSCRIBED,

BULKELEY,

RICHARD BULKELEY,
WILLIAM GRYFFYTH,
JOHN BODVEL,
HENRY OWEN,
OWEN HOLLAND,
RICHARD MEYRICK,
HENRY LLOYD,
RICHARD ROBERTS,

HUGH OWEN,
WILLIAM OWEN,
JO. TURBRIDGE,
OWEN GRYFFYTH,
OWEN ARTHUR,
JOHN YOUNG,
JOHN PRICE,
WILLIAM LEWIS,
ROWLAND WHITE,
OWEN LEWIS,
GODFREY PRYTHERGH,
JOHN ROBINSON,
WILLIAM BULKELEY,
RICHARD WILLIAMS,
JOHN LLOYD,
ROWLAND BULKELEY,
THOMAS SYMKYS,
HENRY WYNNE,
WM. WYNNE,
ROWLAND JONES,
WILLIAM LLOYD,
WILLIAM OWEN,
RICHARD BODYCHEN,
JOHN WYNNE,
HENRY JONES,
HENRY OWEN,
HENRY LLOYD,
RICHARD WYNNE".

After ſubſcribing this high declaration, the whole iſland armed and muſtered, and many gentlemen of other countries, with men, horſes, and arms, flocked thither: as Sir Arthur Blaney, and others, out of Montgomeryſhire; Major John Doulben, Capt. Charles Chambers, Capt. Robert Hughes, Capt. William Eyton, Mr. Richard Parry, and others, from Denbighſhire; Major H. Pennant, Mr. Thomas Griffith, Mr. Thomas Davenport, and others, from Flintſhire; Captain John Morgan, and others, from Merionethſhire; Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Hooks, and others, from Carnarvonſhire; Sir Faithful Forteſcue, Bart. Samuel Singleton, and many more, came from other places into Angleſey, as into a city of refuge. A rendezvous of all the forces in the iſland was appointed at *Talwrn Mawr*, a large common near the centre of the iſland. The declaration rendered in the Welſh tongue to the Welſh people, by Mr. Robt. Morgan aforeſaid, and enforced with a long exhortation. Great acclamations and ſhoutings, and promiſes made to ſtand unanimouſly for the King's cauſe, and in defence of the iſland againſt all invaders.

The parliament in the mean time were not negligent about the reducement of the iſland, but appointed five commiſſioners to manage that ſervice, viz: Sir Thomas Myddleton, Bart. Major-Gen. Mytton, Thomas Myddleton, Eſq. Symon Thelwall, Eſq. and Colonel John Jones.

Theſe commiſſioners brought forces together, and rendezvouſed at Conway, where they provided boats, and got one Major Richard Chedle, an Angleſey man, to guide the ſaid boats by ſea to Bangor, the body of their party (being about 1500 men, horſe and foot) marching by land. As ſoon as the boats and army appeared at *Penmaen Mawr*, within ſight of Beaumaris green, the Angleſey people began to buſtle: the drums beat—the trumpets ſounded—great volleys of ſmall ſhot were given on Beaumaris green—and all the ordnance upon the caſtle diſcharged, which the enemies took little or no notice of. That night the enemies came to Bangor, and quartered there for four or five days, and then wafted over to *Cadnant*, in Angleſey, about Sept. 15, 1648, near the fall of night; John Wiggins, of the town of Bangor, being their guide.

There was little or no reſiſtance made to their landing, only Major Hugh Pennant appeared with his troop near *Cadnant*, but the enemies pouring ſhot upon him from the hedges and rocks, he was forced to retreat. At *Portbaethwy*, about a quarter of a mile from *Cadnant*, there was a ſtrong guard of foot, under the command of two officers, but they both quitted their poſts moſt ſhamefully, not without ſtrong ſuſpicion of treachery, for it was

afterwards currently famed, that one of them had received 50l. from General Mytton, before hand, for betraying the iſland, and that 50l. more were promiſed him after he ſhould betray it, but never paid, as all traitors are commonly cheated by thoſe that employ them, it being a maxim among enemies themſelves, to love the treaſon, but hate the traitors.

Now *Cadnant* afore-mentioned being a Welſh word, comes from *Nant y Gâd*, the dingle of the army, where it ſeems that ſome army, in former times, either landed or encamped, and this army too choſe to land in the ſame place, or very near it.

On the next day, after landing at *Cadnant*, they made their rendezvous at *Orſedd Migin*, and thence marched towards Beaumaris, the way of Red Hill park, and drew in battalia upon the hill: the iſlanders, commanded by Colonel Bulkeley as General, and Col. Roger Whitely as Major-General, drew up in the fields below the hill, viz. on St. Mary's Fields; Colonel Bulkeley's regiment of foot on the Harp Field; the towne's company commanded by one Captain Sanders, and ſome others, on Red Hill Fields. The horſe were ſcatteringly drawn: ſome in the way to the alms-houſe, ſome at Mr. R. Vaughan's houſe (*Tros yr Afon*) ſome in the lands of the towne and elſewhere.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy made the onſet, and were ſtoutly repulſed by Captain Sanders and the towne's company, from the hedges in the Harp Field, but the foot in the other fields did all betake themſelves to flight in diſorder. —Major Pennant and his troop charged the enemy, in the lane coming down from the park towards Mr. Richard Vaughan's houſe, and was like to take Col. Louthian priſoner; Sir Arthur Blaney and his troop charged in the back lands, and was dangerouſly wounded in the arm, his elbow being ſhattered to pieces. Colonel Bulkeley his own troop, conſiſting of gentlemen, made a valiant charge upon Brickes Fields, encountering with Captain Benbow, but being overpowered by far greater numbers, were forced to retreat to the barricades near Mary Ned's houſe, and there another charge happened, where on the round head party, Captain Benbow, and Vavaſor Powell (a military preacher) were wounded, and on the cavalier ſide, not far from the ſame place, one Mr. Price, vicar of *Bettws Abergele*, in the county of Denbigh, got his mortal wound; at the ſame time one Capt. Lloyd, of *Penbwnllys*, being commanded to guard the church, he locked up his men in it, and ran himſelf away, taking the key in his pocket, whereupon he was called *Captain Church* to his dying day. Theſe men, from the ſteeple and church leads, and ſome others from *Court Mawr* garden, played very hotly upon the ene-

mies, and killed ſeveral, eſpecially Captain Hancock of Colonel Louthian's regiment, his Lieutenant and Enſign, in the clay pits and back lanes. The iſlanders were ſo full of diſorder and confuſion in this fight (and indeed it might be called an affray or ſcuffle rather than a fight) that they were eaſily routed and diſperſed, Colonel Bulkeley, Col. Whitely, and moſt of the commanders, retiring into the caſtle; but let it be underſtood, that a great party of the iſland forces being the men of *Talybolion* and *Llifon*, the two remoteſt comotes of the iſland under the command of Col. John Robinſon, were not come to the place of battle this day, but in their march, about *Traeth Coch*, hearing of the defeat of their friends at Beaumaris, returned to their own houſes. Of the enemy were killed this day about 40, and of the iſlanders about 30, but near 400 taken priſoners; and now General Mytton having routed the field, and entered the towne of Beaumaris, he ſent a drum to the caſtle, to demand the body of Colonel Bulkeley and Colonel Whitely, which, if refuſed to him, he would put all the priſoners taken that day to death; upon which the two Colonels ſurrendered themſelves, to ſave more effuſion of Chriſtian blood, and lay priſoners at the *Old Place* till they were ranſomed.

The iſland forces were then ſcattered; the gentlemen of the country ſaw no other remedy but ſubmiſſion to General Mytton, and the other commiſſioners, and therefore they all haſtened to Beaumaris, and agreed upon theſe following articles Oct. 2, 1648:

Entered into, concluded, and agreed upon, the 2d day of Oct. 1648, between Sir Thomas Myddleton, Kt. Major-Gen. Mytton, Thomas Myddleton, Eſq. Symon Thelwall, Eſq. and Col. John Jones, of the one part; and Thomas Viſcount Bulkeley, Hugh Owen, Owen Wood, Dr. Robert Whyte, Richard Prythergh, Dr. William Gryffydd, Rowland Bulkeley, Owen Holland, William Bold, Richard Owen, Owen Wynn, Henry Owen, Richard Meyrick, Pierce Lloyd, John Bodville, Willm. Bulkeley, Eſq. Henry Wynne, Jno. Williams, Randulph Wally, Jno. Owen, and Howell Lewis, gentlemen, on behalf of themſelves, and the reſt of the inhabitants of the Iſle of Angleſey, on the other part.

Imprimis—It is agreed by and between the ſaid parties, that the Viſcount Bulkeley, &c. doe, on behalf of themſelves and the Iſland of Angleſey, engage and promiſe to pay to Col. George Twiſtleton, treaſurer, appointed for the preſent ſervice, the ſum of 7000l. of current Engliſh money, within 14 days next enſuing, towards ſatisfaction of two months pay to the officers and ſoldiers employed in this preſent expedition, and other charges incidental. In conſideration whereof, they, the ſaid Thos. Myddleton, &c. doe engage themſelves effectually to mediate with the

parliament, that the perſonal eſtates of all the inhabitants within the ſaid iſland be freed and acquitted from ſequeſtration, and from any tax for the 25th part, &c. as touching the real eſtates of ſuch of the ſaid inhabitants as come within the ordinance of ſequeſtration; they, the ſaid Sir Thomas Myddleton, &c. do likewiſe engage themſelves effectually to mediate with the parliament, that they be admitted to compound for the ſame after the rate of two years value, for all eſtates of inheritance and proportionably for all other leſſer eſtates. In witneſs whereof we have hereunto interchangeably put our hands this 9th day of October, 1648.

The firſt governor appointed by the founder (Edward I.) was Sir William Pickmore, a Gaſcon, and the ſame perſon (in one inſtance excepted*) was always conſtable of the caſtle, and captain of the town; his annual fee, as conſtable, was 40l. as captain, 12l. 8s. 4d. and the porter at the town gate *(porth mawr)* 9l. 2s. 6d. the town and caſtle had a guard of 24 men, at 4d. a day each. But out of every one's pay there was a proportionable deduction every month, towards letters and intelligence; and, as the ſage hiſtorian adds, "for the gratification of itinerant preachers, who did uſe to come at certayne times from Carnarvonſhire, Denbighſhire, Mountgomeryſhire, and other places, to pray and teach."

The garriſon was withdrawn in the reign of Hen. VII. in the conſtableſhip of Sir Rowland Villeville. The Earl of Dorſet being conſtable in 1642, his deputy (Thos. Chedle, Eſq.†) furniſhed it with men and ammunition, but Thomas the firſt (Lord Bulkeley) ſucceeding in 1643, Col. Thomas Bulkeley (his ſon) and the country gentlemen, held it for the King till 1648, when it was taken by Major-General Mytton, whoſe deputy was Captain Evans.

* In the reign of Henry VI. Sir John Boteler was conſtable of the caſtle, and Thomas Norris, Eſq. Alderman of Beaumaris (mentioned as a feoffee in the records of *Kygbley*) was captain of the town. The Norrises of *Hafodty Arddercb* (an antient mansion, ſituated at a ſhort diſtance north-eaſt of *Treſawr*, the reſidence of H. Thomas, Eſq.) were a branch of the family of Speke, in Lancaſhire. The curious arched mantle-piece in the once-feſtive hall of this houſe, is ſtill entire, decorated with heraldic ornaments, and a pious motto, in well-executed relievo characters: the fee-farm of this property was afterwards diſpoſed of by Sir William Norris.

† Of the *Llcinieg* family.—Vide note, page 5.

THE

THE FOLLOWING LETTER

Appeared in the Dublin Evening Poſt and other papers, in the ſpring of 1799.—*Vide note, page* 37.

If the new road in North Wales, by Lord Penrhyn's ſlate quarry, to cut out *Conway* and *Llanrwſt*, which ſhould begin about half way between Jackſon's inn at Bangor ferry, and the town of Bangor, and end on the old road at *Pentre 'r Foelas* church (two miles north-weſt of *Cernioge* inn) was completed, the Iriſh mail from London, coming by Shrewſbury and this new road, would arrive at Holyhead at 12 o'clock at noon, inſtead of ſix in the evening after; conſequently the mail from London would arrive in Dublin twelve hours ſooner than it does at preſent, about every ſecond week, as a tide would then be ſaved.

The Dublin mail, in its way to London, lies from one to near 24 hours (frequently) at Holyhead; but, if the mail-coach from Holyhead to London ſhould run in ſix hours leſs time than at preſent, this would not happen, as the mail-coach would wait one, two, three, four, five, or ſix hours, at Holyhead, if neceſſary, for the mail packet-boat from Dublin, in the morning, the moſt likely time for it to arrive at Holyhead.

If a narrow bond of rock, which keeps up *Lake Ogwen*, was thrown down, there would be ſcarcely any hill on this new road; and, by this new road, the road from Bangor ferry to Shrewſbury would be ſhortened 20 miles, or near it.

This new road would go the whole way in vallies, and ſhould be kept on the eaſt bank of the *Ogwen* river, viz: from the ſlate quarry to *Lake Ogwen*, then on cloſe to the north ſide of *Capel Curig*; then it ſhould be kept on the north bank of the river from *Capel Curig* to *Bettws*, then on the weſt bank of the *Conway* river, then over *Rhydlanfair* bridge, then on the north bank of the *Conway* river, then on the north bank of the *Nâg* river to *Pentre 'r Foelas* church.

The ſnow could not lie long on this road, which would go in a grand valley to *Capel Curig*, and then on the ſunny banks of rivers to *Pentre 'r Foelas* church.

As this new road is oppoſed by the Cheſter road people, one thouſand pounds through the Iriſh parliament, and an Engliſh act of parliament for it, are probably neceſſary to complete it.

Capel Curig is about half way through this new road, and would be the ſtage.

From Holyhead to Shrewſbury will be only one hundred miles when this new road is made.

Opening this new road would greatly facilitate the intercourſe between the two fiſter capital towns, and between all the ſouth of England and Dublin.

This new road might, and ought to be, immediately opened through. It is a great and intolerable impoſition on the traveller from Dublin to London to be forced, as he is at preſent, to go by *Conway*, over hills and mountains, and beſides to travel twenty unneceſſary miles.

NOTE—*Capel Curig* inn and ſtables are now built, and the old horſe-way through *Capel Curig*, from *Bangor* ferry to *Cernioge* inn, has been lately widened and improved.

W. D.

FINIS.

Cheſter,

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